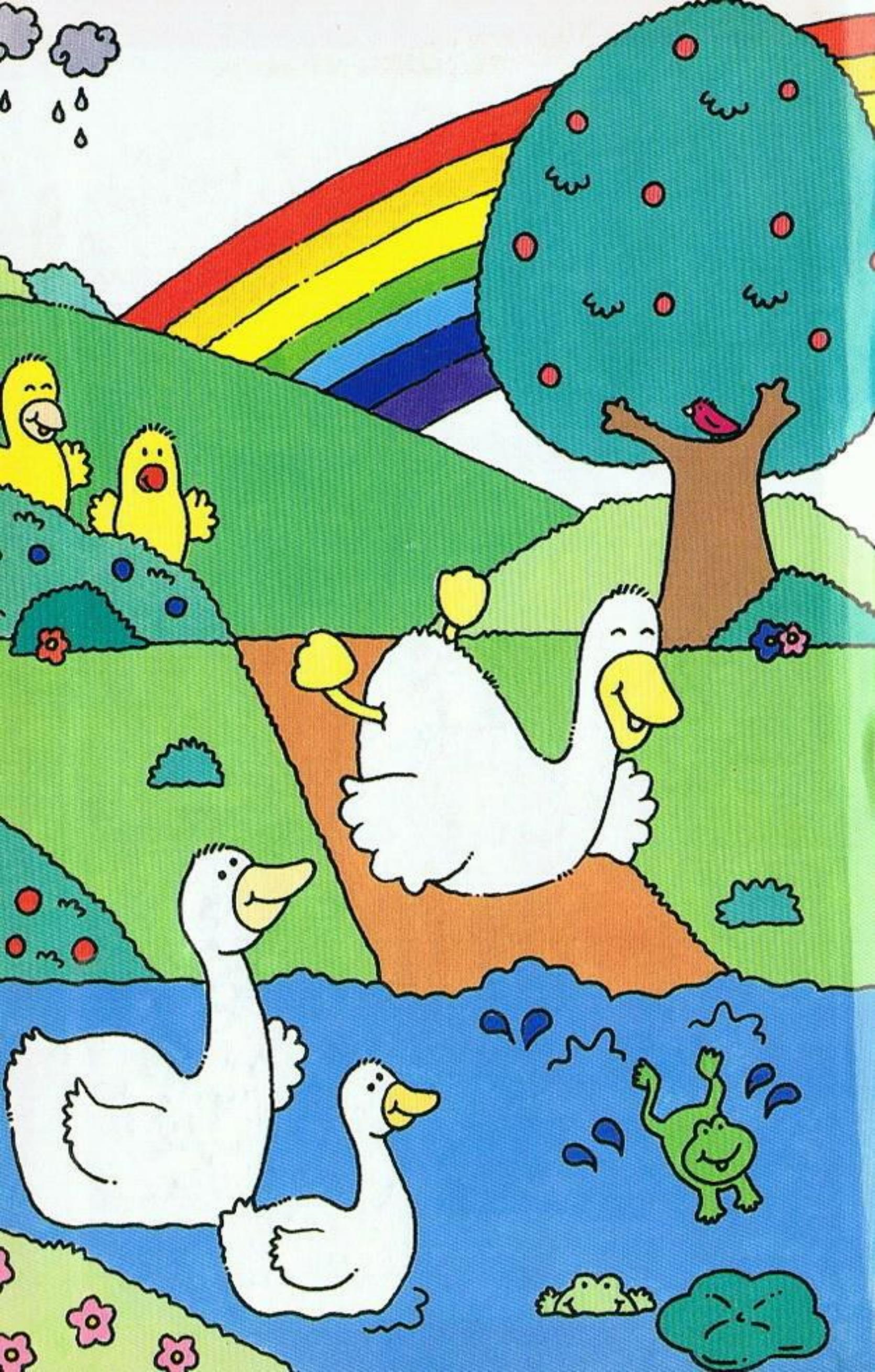


Duck Stories

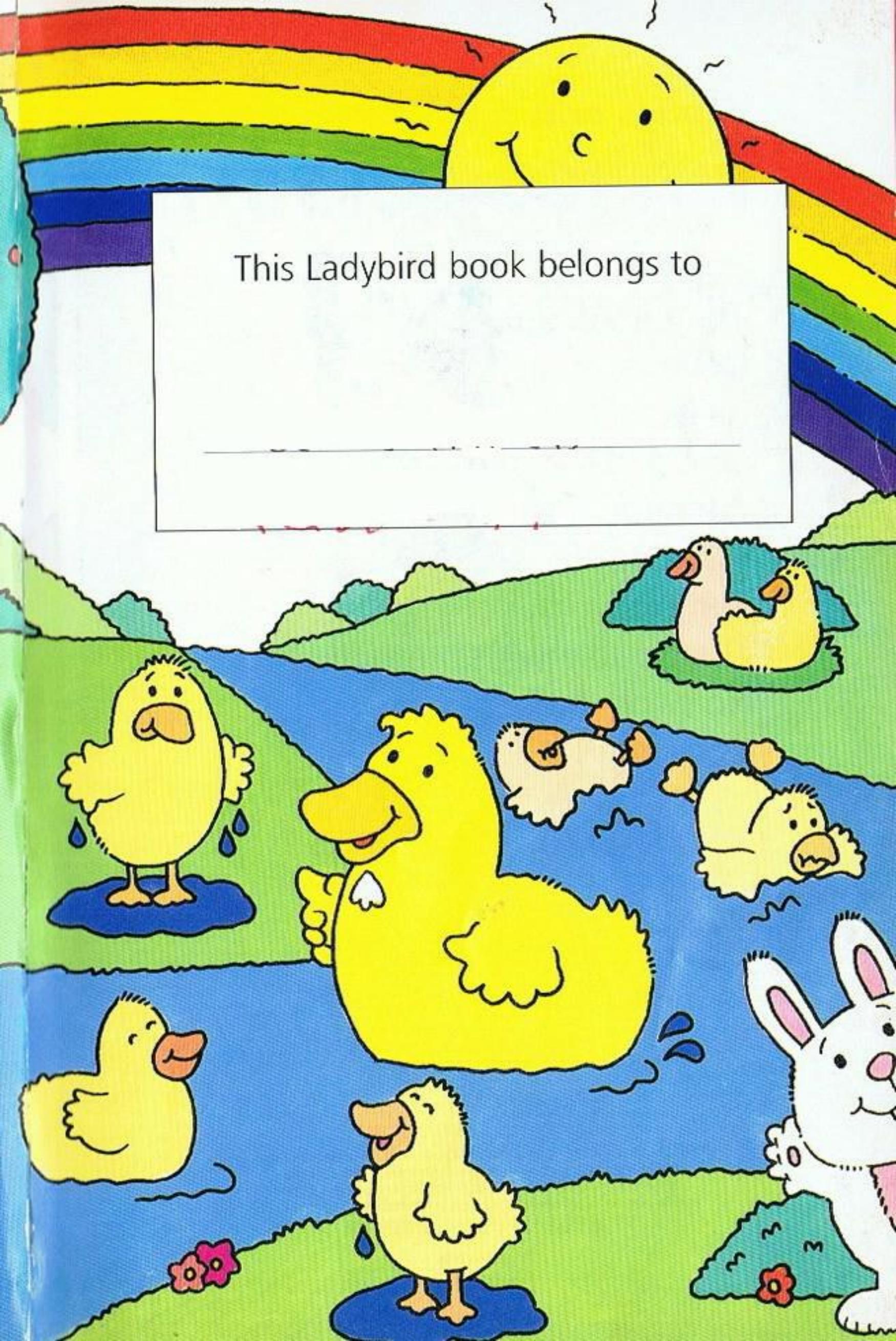


for 2 year olds

Ladybird



This Ladybird book belongs to



Stories and rhymes in this book

Brenda to the rescue
Two is terrific
Splash!
The new slide
Down and up
Reflections
Grandad's birthday
Running in the rain
What am I?
Summer
The trouble with brothers
Noisy neighbours
Goodnight

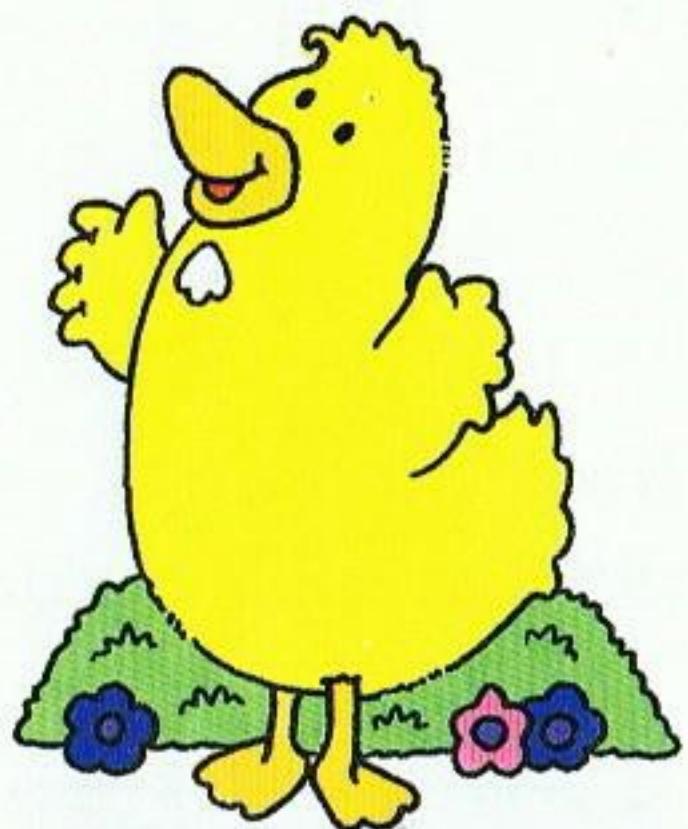
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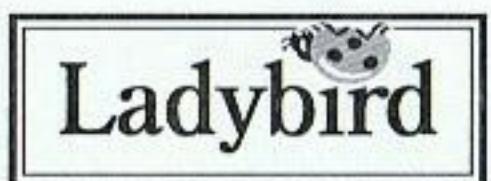
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Duck Stories for 2 year olds



by Joan Stimson
illustrated by Jenny Tulip

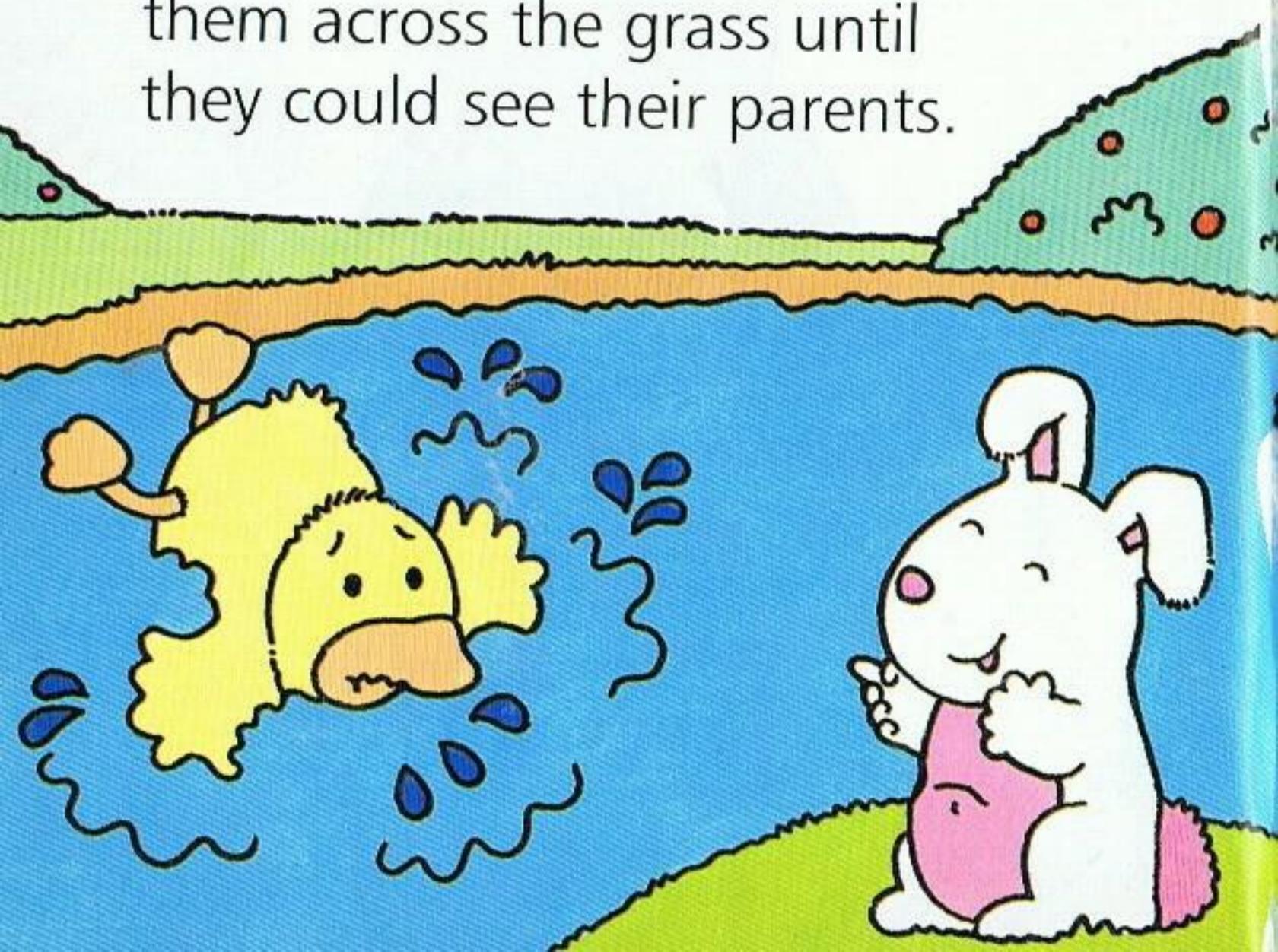


Brenda to the rescue

"Help! Help! Help!" beeped three tiny voices.

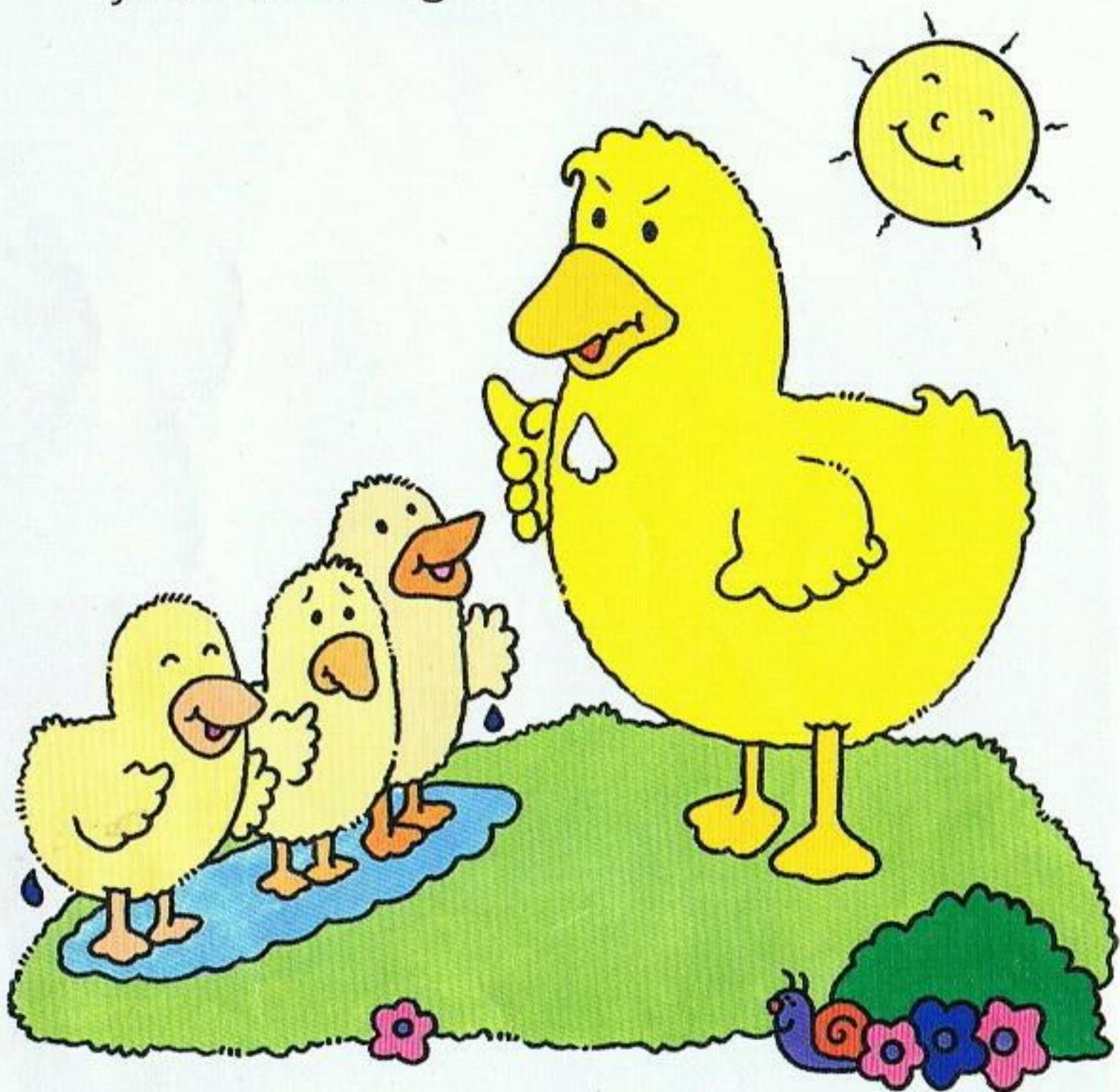
Brenda looked up in amazement. Three tiny ducklings were whizzing round the bend... out of control.

Brenda dived straight in. First she helped the ducklings onto the bank. Then she walked them across the grass until they could see their parents.



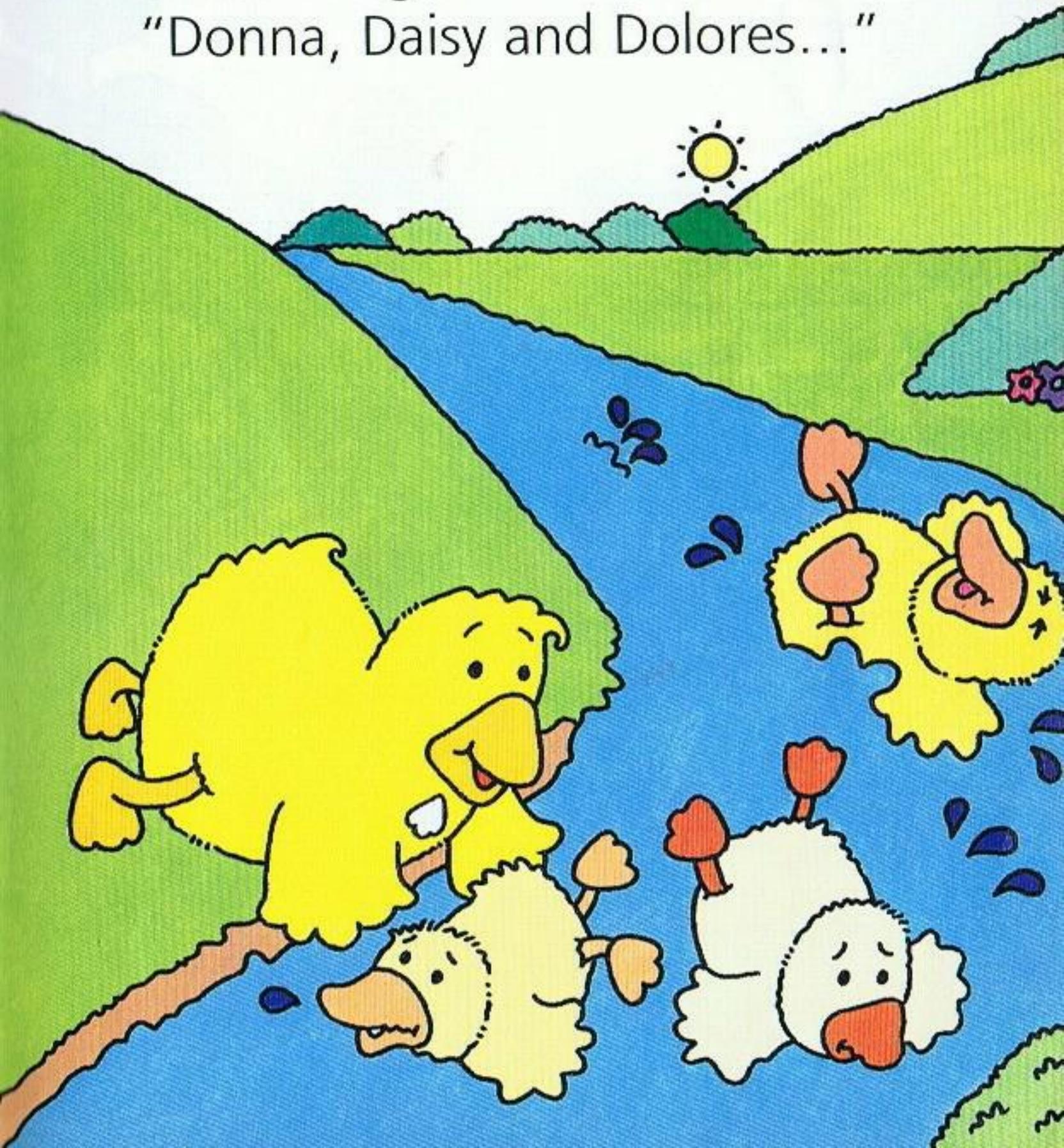


By now the ducklings had introduced themselves. And Brenda told them straight. "Donna, Daisy and Dolores. Don't you dare swim off on your own again!"



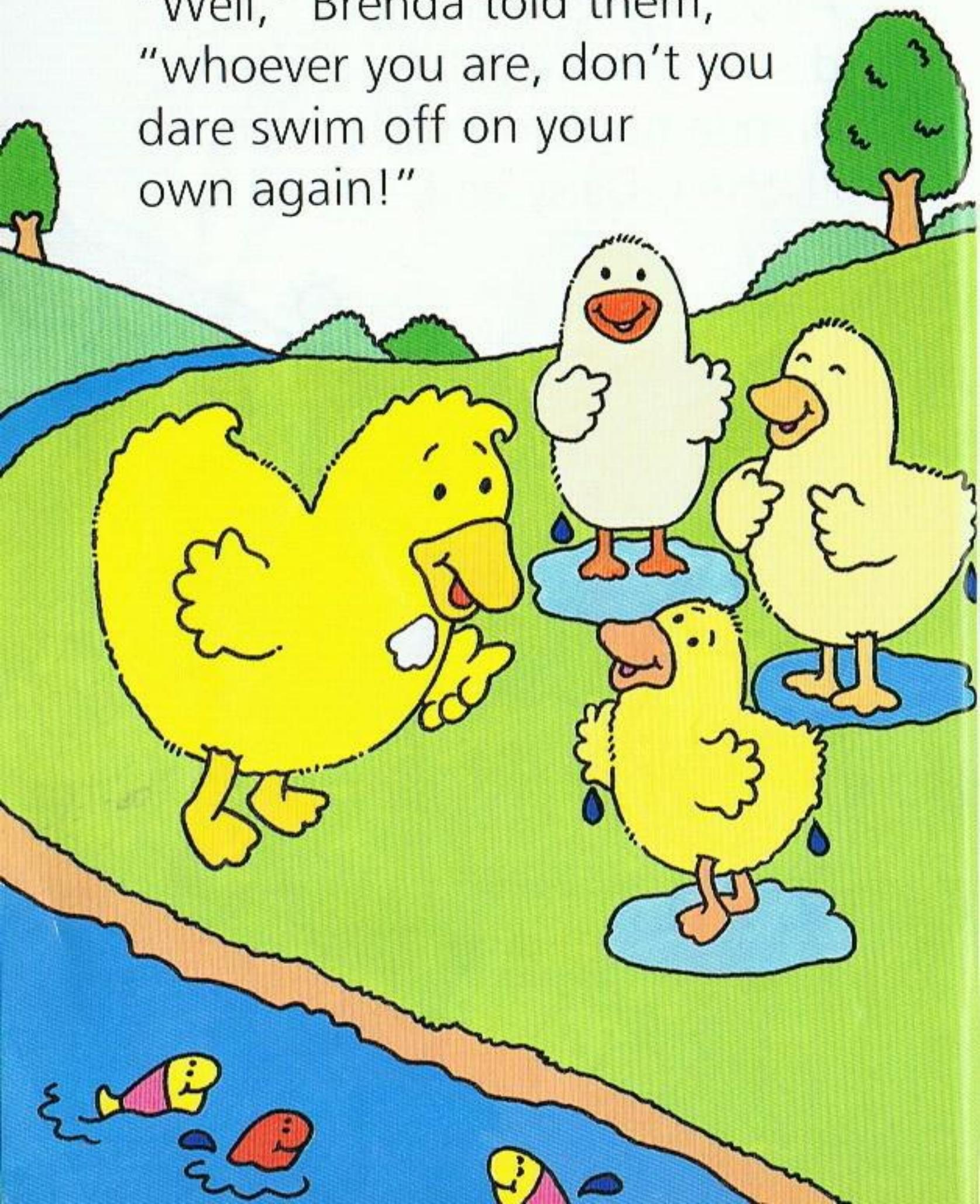
But next day at exactly the same time... "Help!" beeped three tiny voices.

As soon as she got the ducklings safely onto the bank, Brenda began to scold them. "Donna, Daisy and Dolores..."



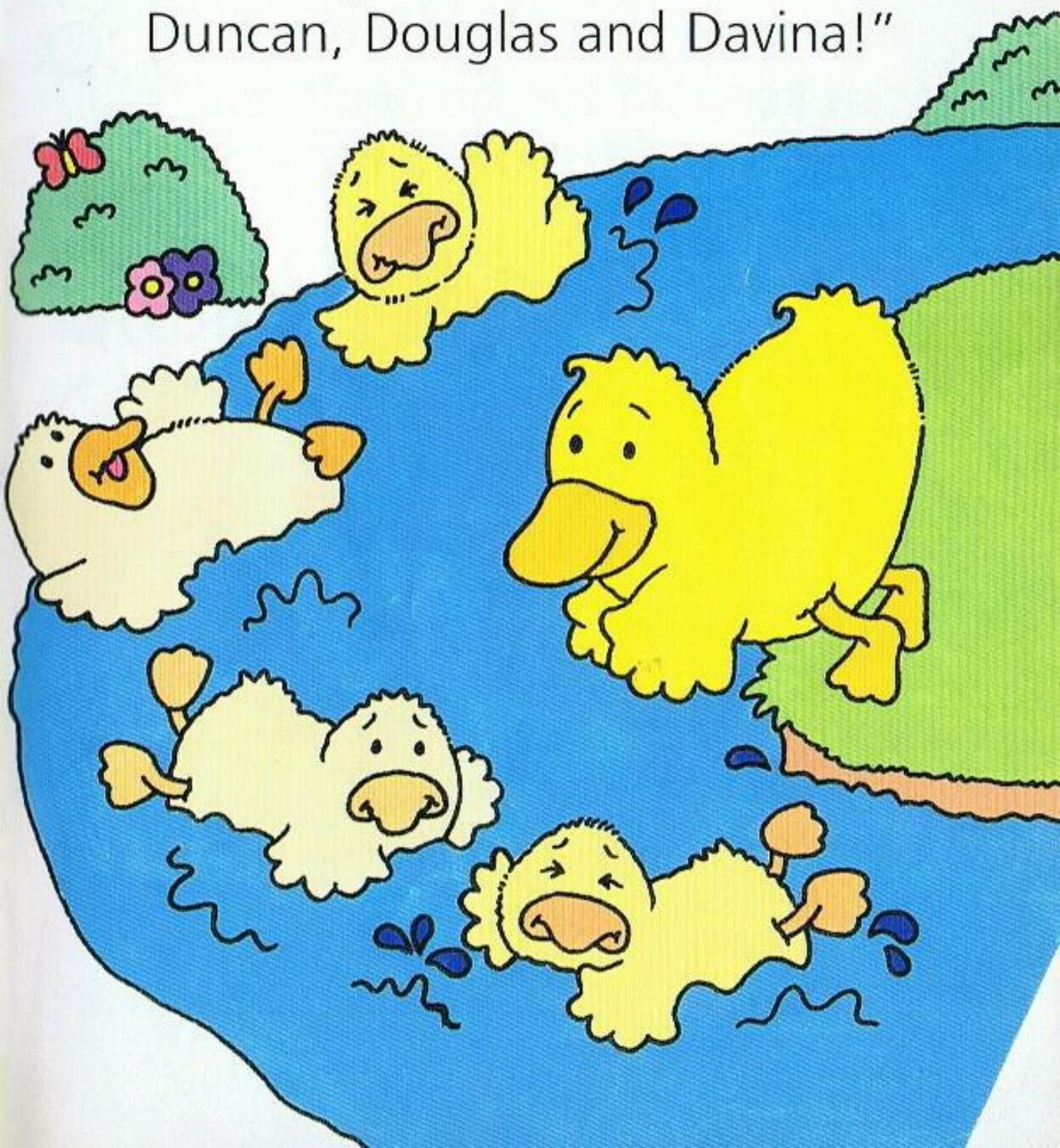
"But we're Danny, Dennis and Darren," protested the ducklings.

"Well," Brenda told them, "whoever you are, don't you dare swim off on your own again!"



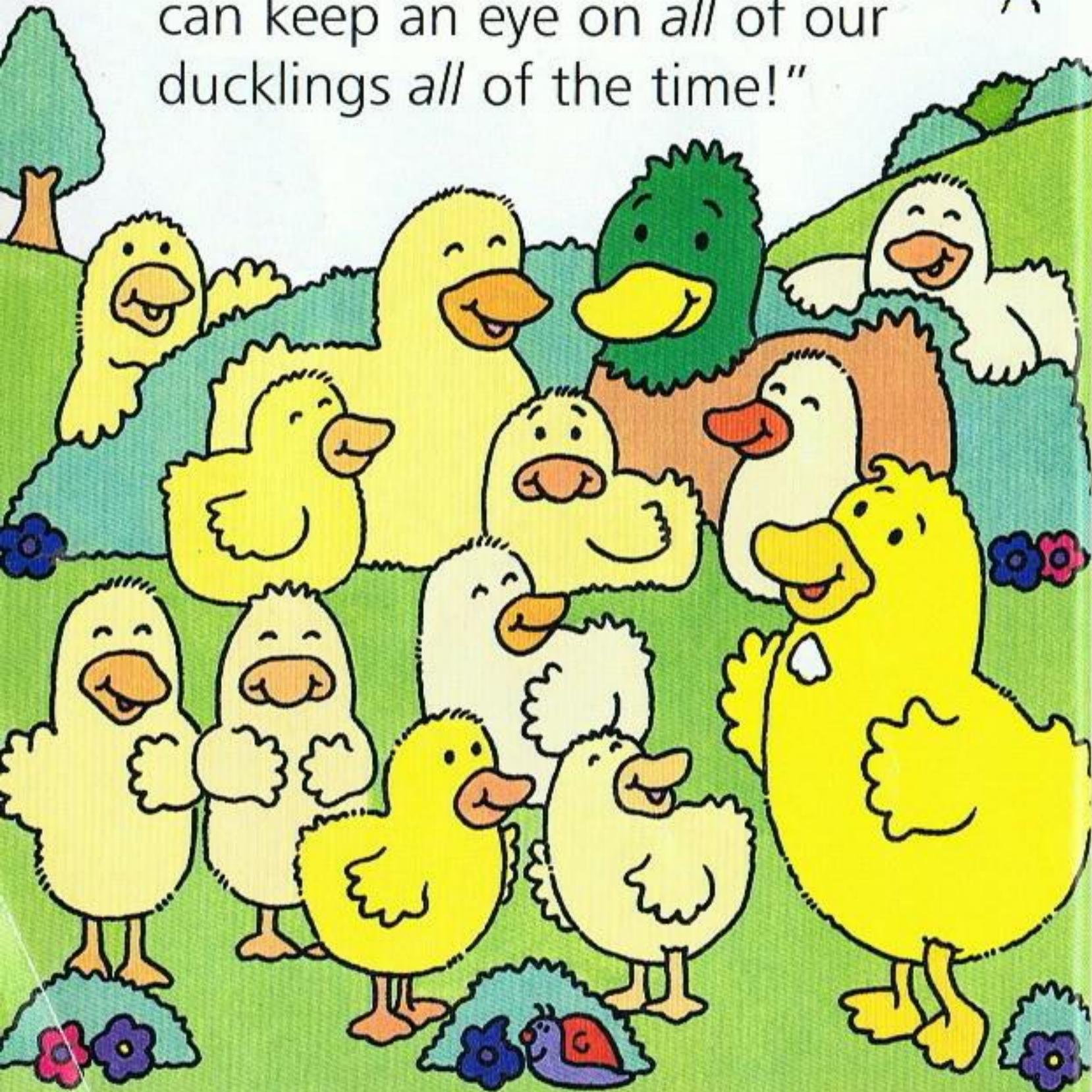
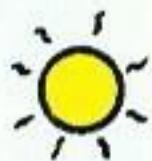
But next day at exactly the same time... "Help!" beeped *four* tiny voices.

And when Brenda had rescued them, the ducklings explained cheerfully. "We're Doreen, Duncan, Douglas and Davina!"



This time Brenda walked the ducklings all the way home.

Mum and Dad beamed with relief. "From now on," they announced, "we're going to take our afternoon naps *separately*. And that way we can keep an eye on *all* of our ducklings *all* of the time!"



Two is terrific

Two is terrific

When friends come to play.

Two's growing taller

And faster each day.

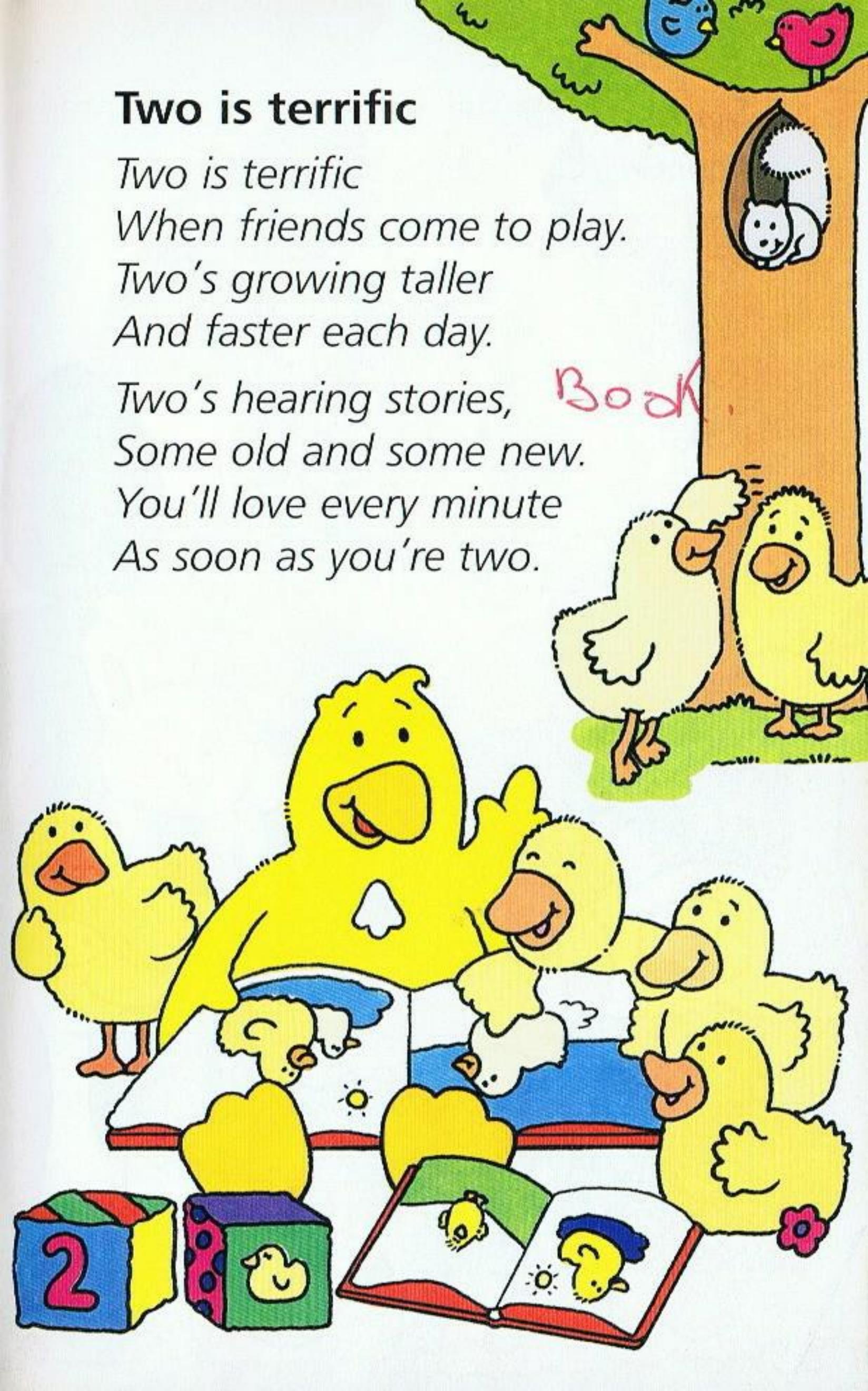
Two's hearing stories,

Book.

Some old and some new.

You'll love every minute

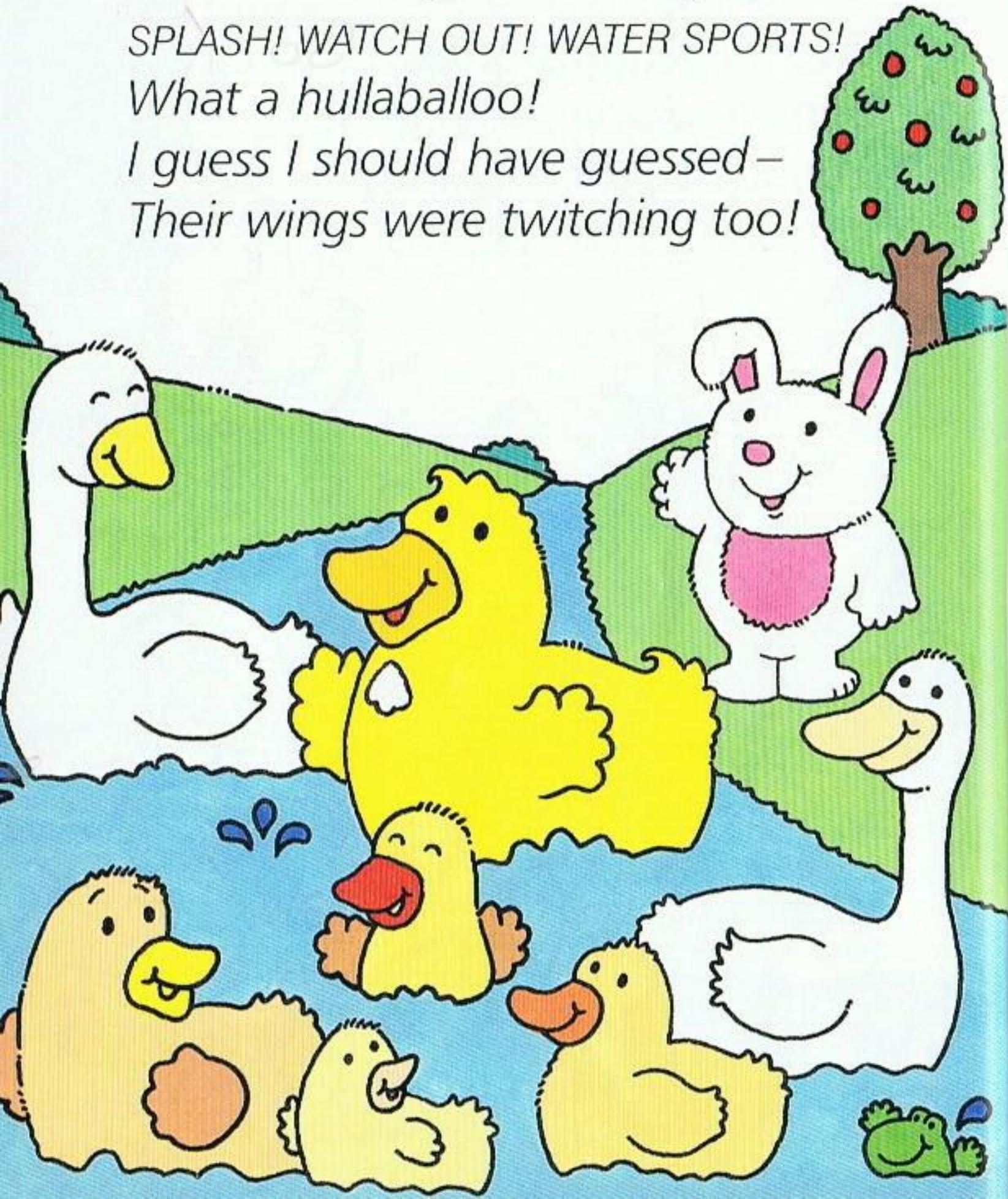
As soon as you're two.



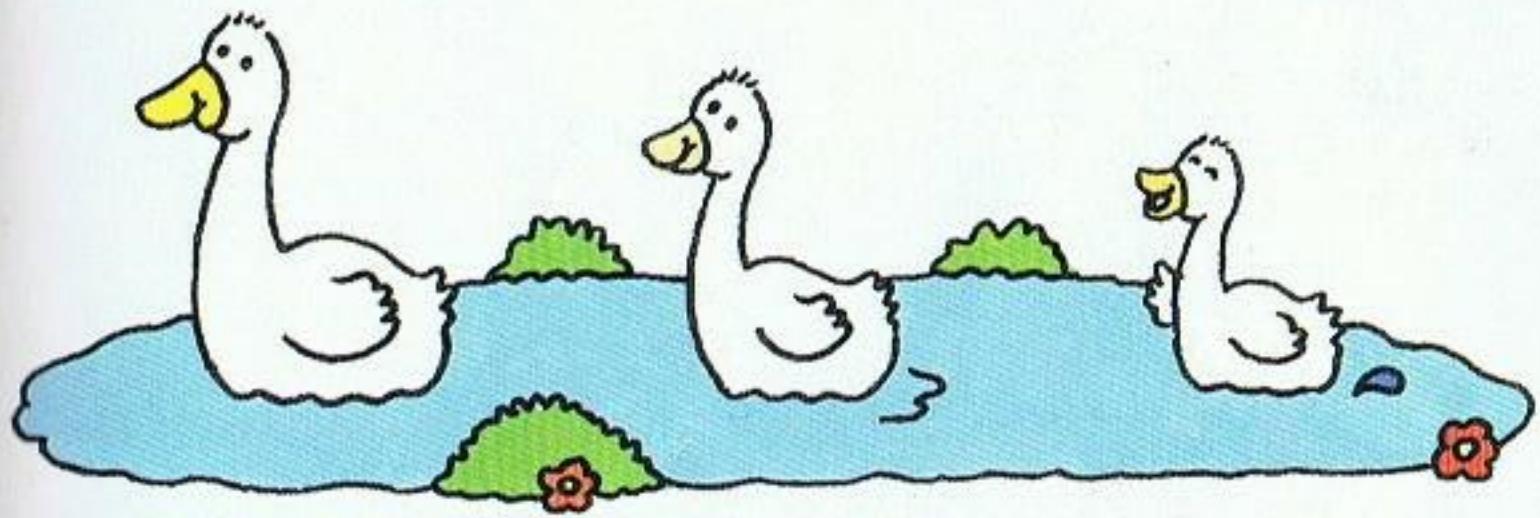
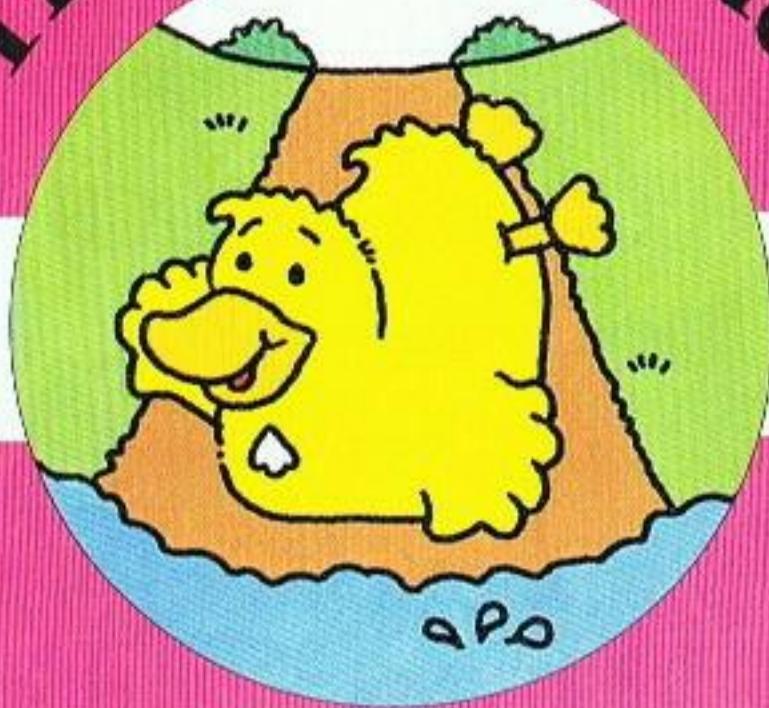
Splash!

*There's a twitching in my wing,
There's a sparkle in my eye.
I've felt this way before
When friends go swimming by.*

SPLASH! WATCH OUT! WATER SPORTS!
*What a hullabaloo!
I guess I should have guessed –
Their wings were twitching too!*



The new slide

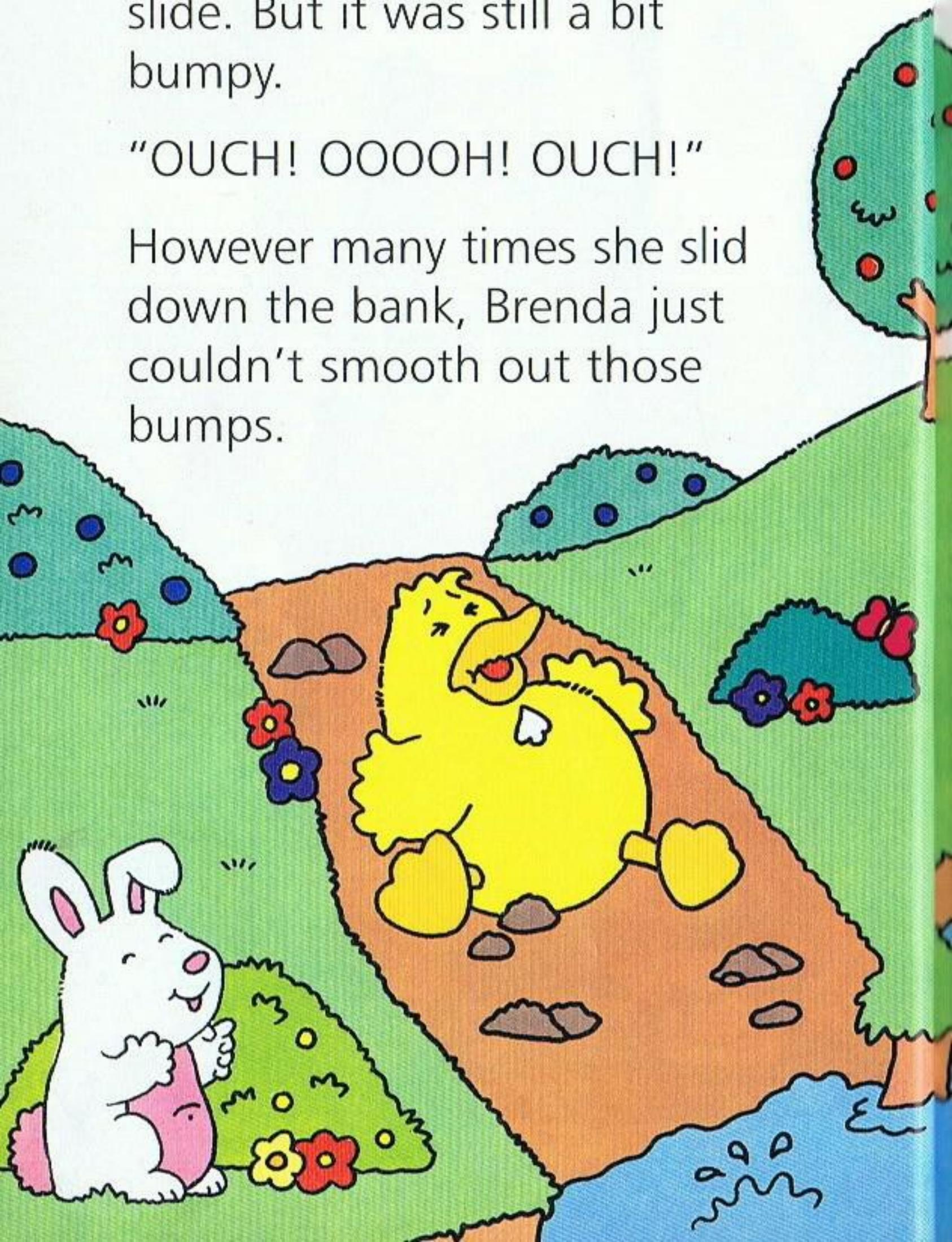


"OUCH! OOOOH! OUCH!"

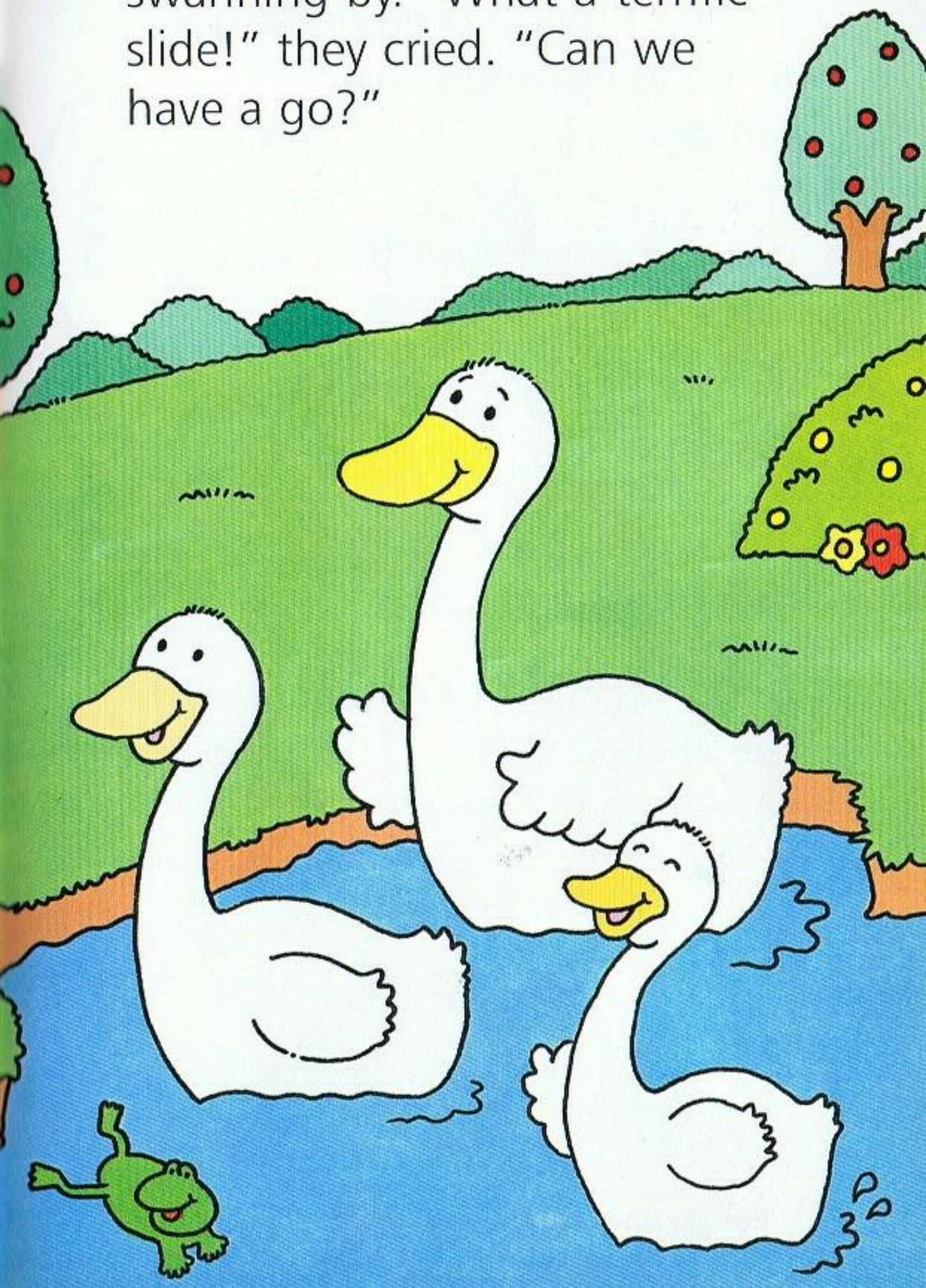
Brenda was trying out her new slide. But it was still a bit bumpy.

"OUCH! OOOOH! OUCH!"

However many times she slid down the bank, Brenda just couldn't smooth out those bumps.



But then three swans came swanning by. "What a terrific slide!" they cried. "Can we have a go?"



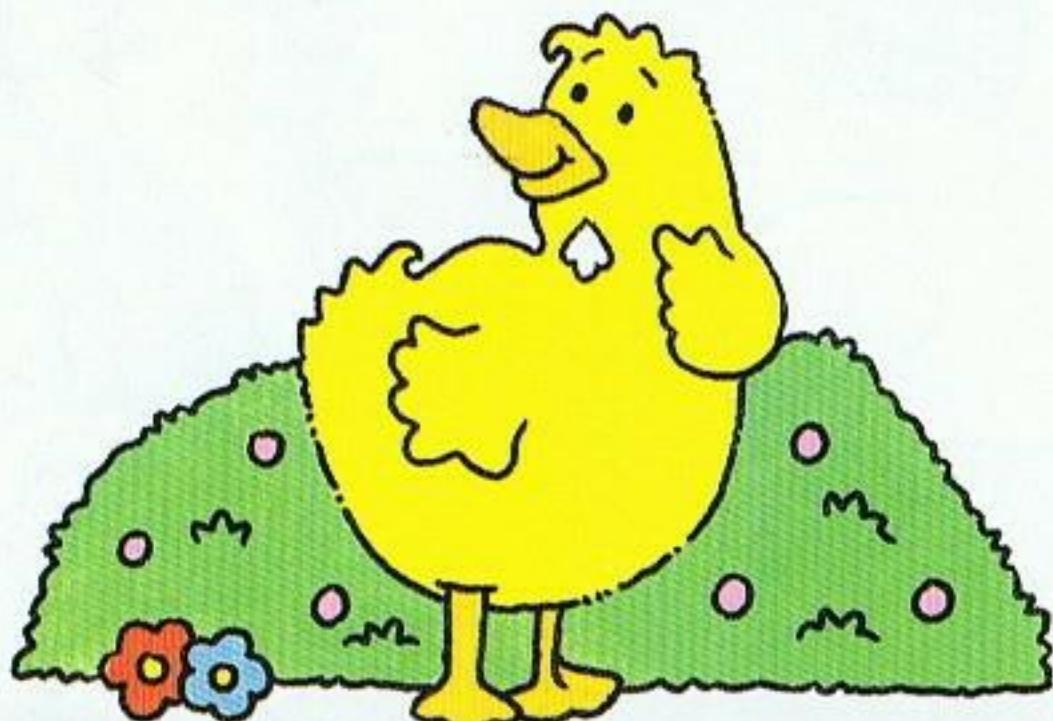
"OUCH! OOOOH! OUCH!"

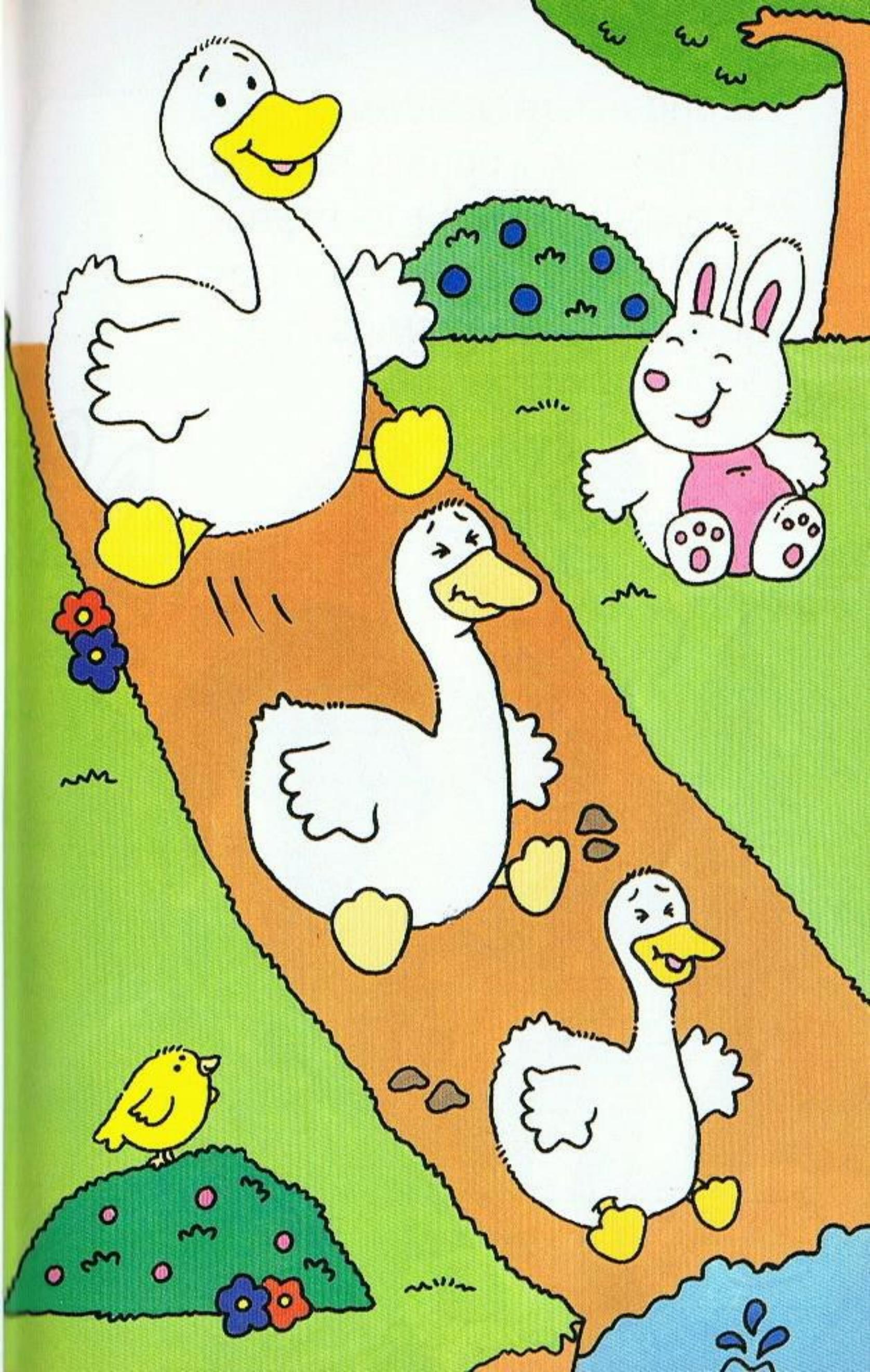
At first Brenda pretended not to hear. But then she remembered. "Last summer those swans let me share their diving board. And that was fantastic."

"WHEEE! OUCH! OOOOH!" went the smallest swan.

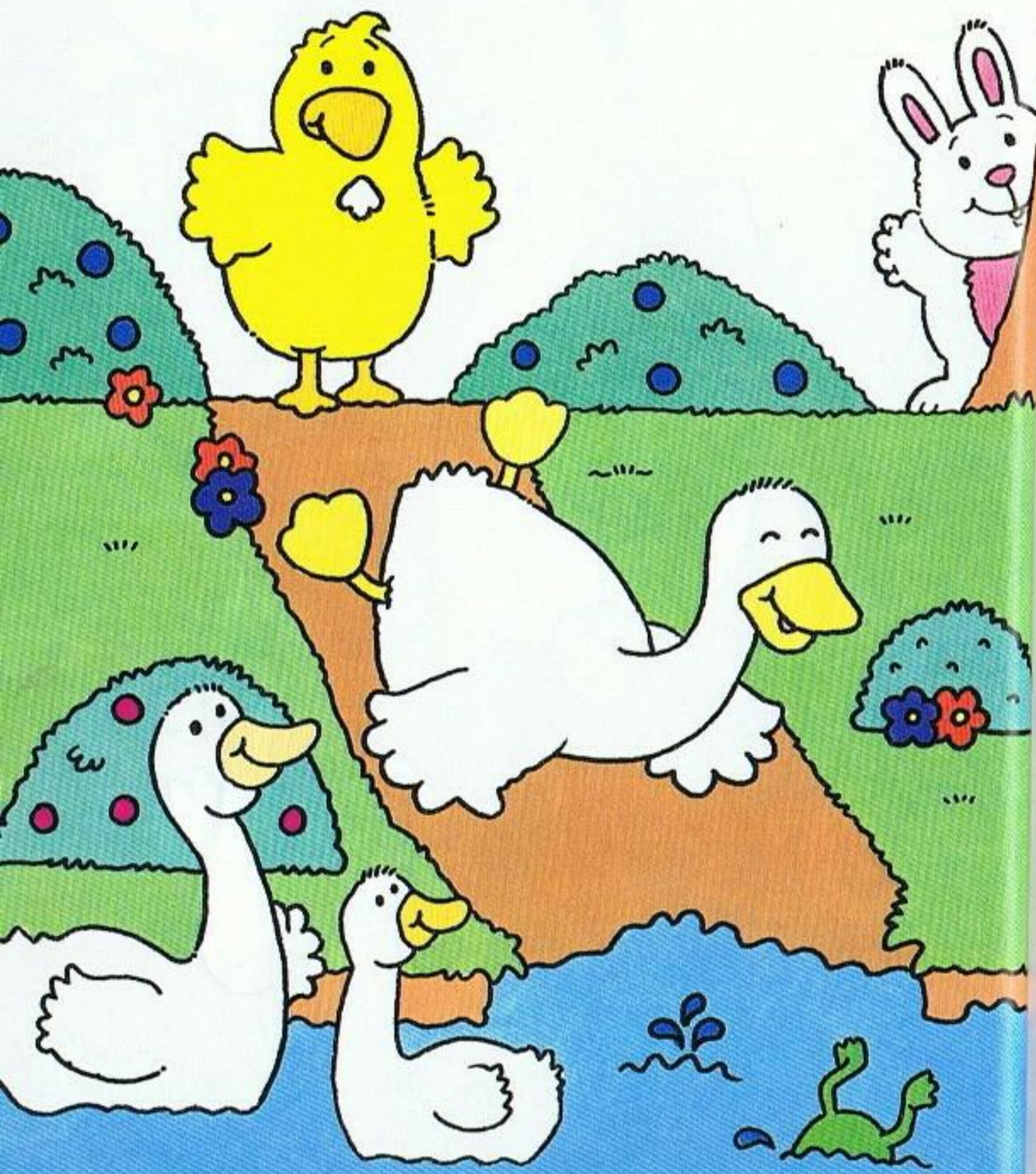
"WHEEE! OUCH!" went the medium-sized swan.

And "WHEEE! WHIZZ!" went the largest swan. "This slide is sensational!" he cried.





Brenda clambered eagerly up the bank behind the swans. She couldn't wait to have another go. Because by now the slide was as smooth as... swansdown!



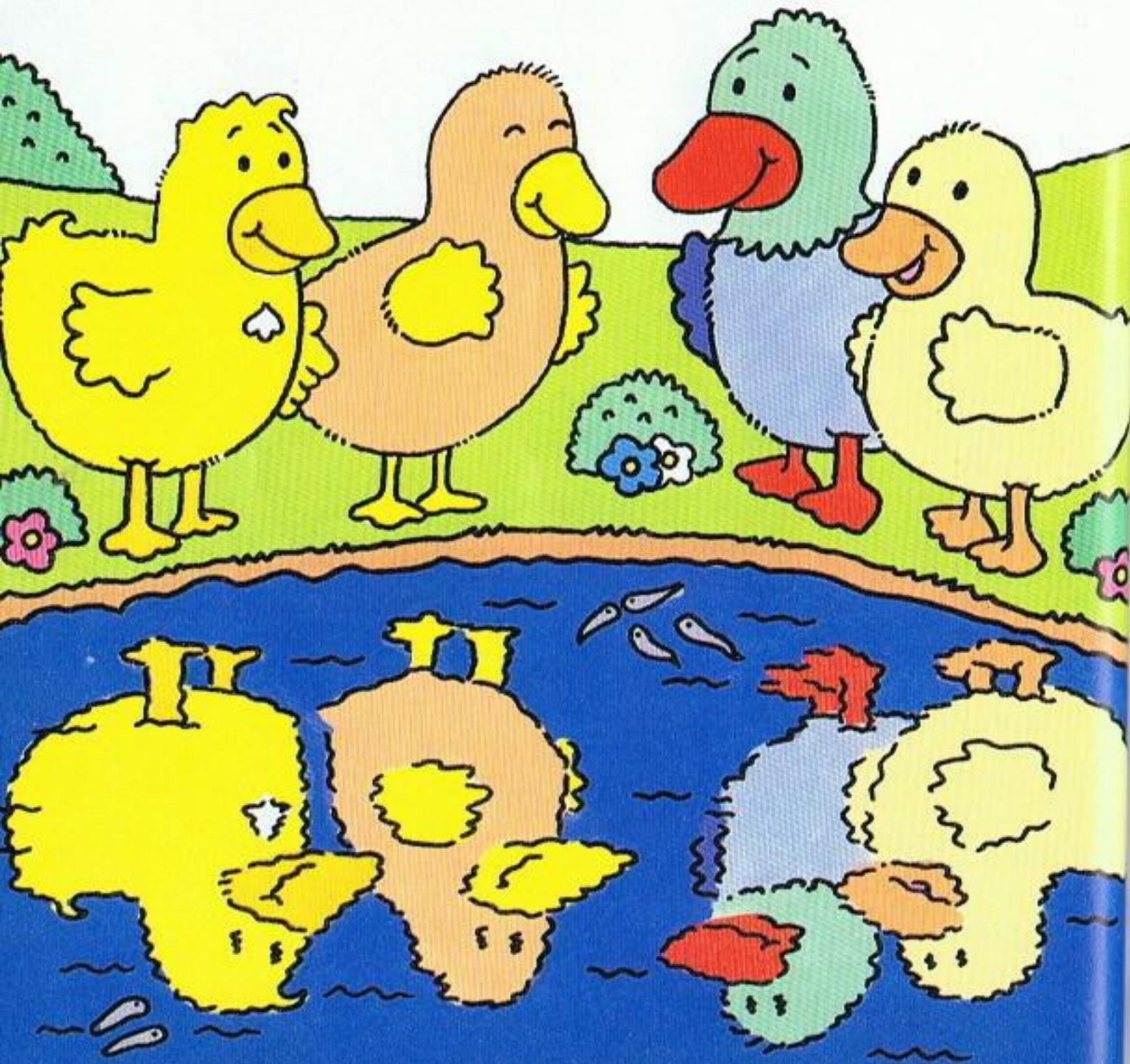
Down and up

One, two, three, four, five,
Down I go and deep I dive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Up I come for air again!



Reflections

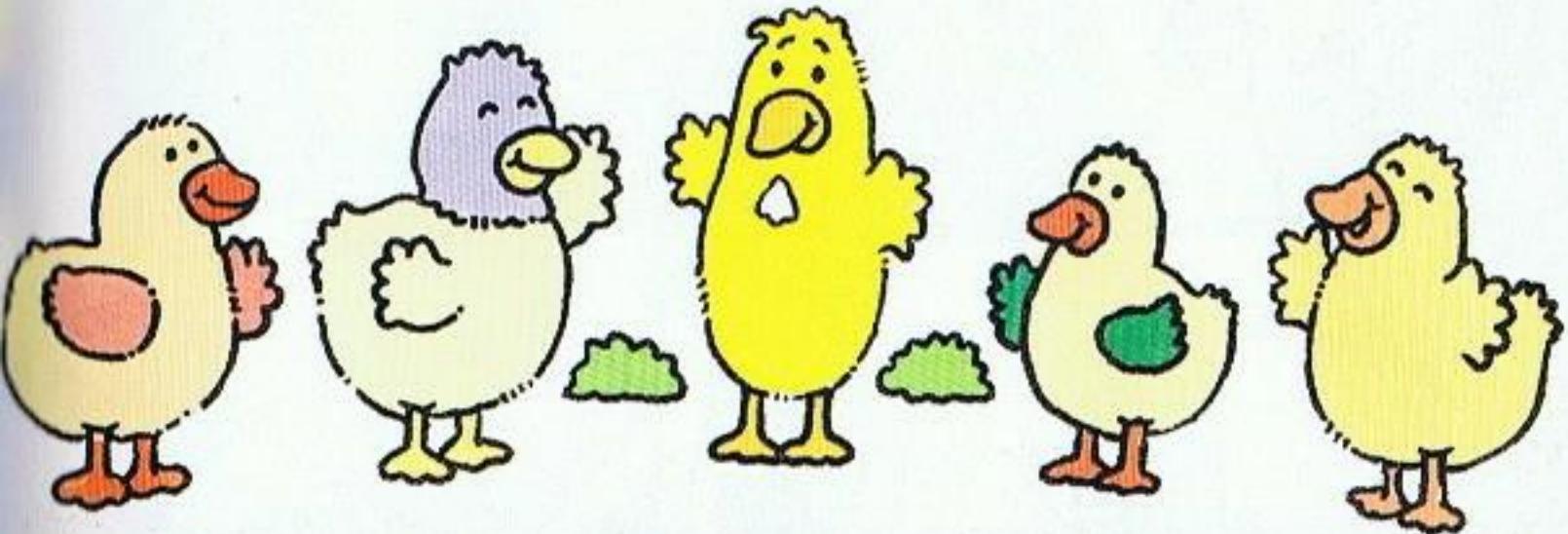
We're looking in the water
At our wibbly-wobbly beaks.
We're squinting in the ripples
At our wibbly-wobbly cheeks.
We're peering past the tadpoles
At our wibbly-wobbly knees.
We're checking our reflections
As they quiver in the breeze.



Grandad's

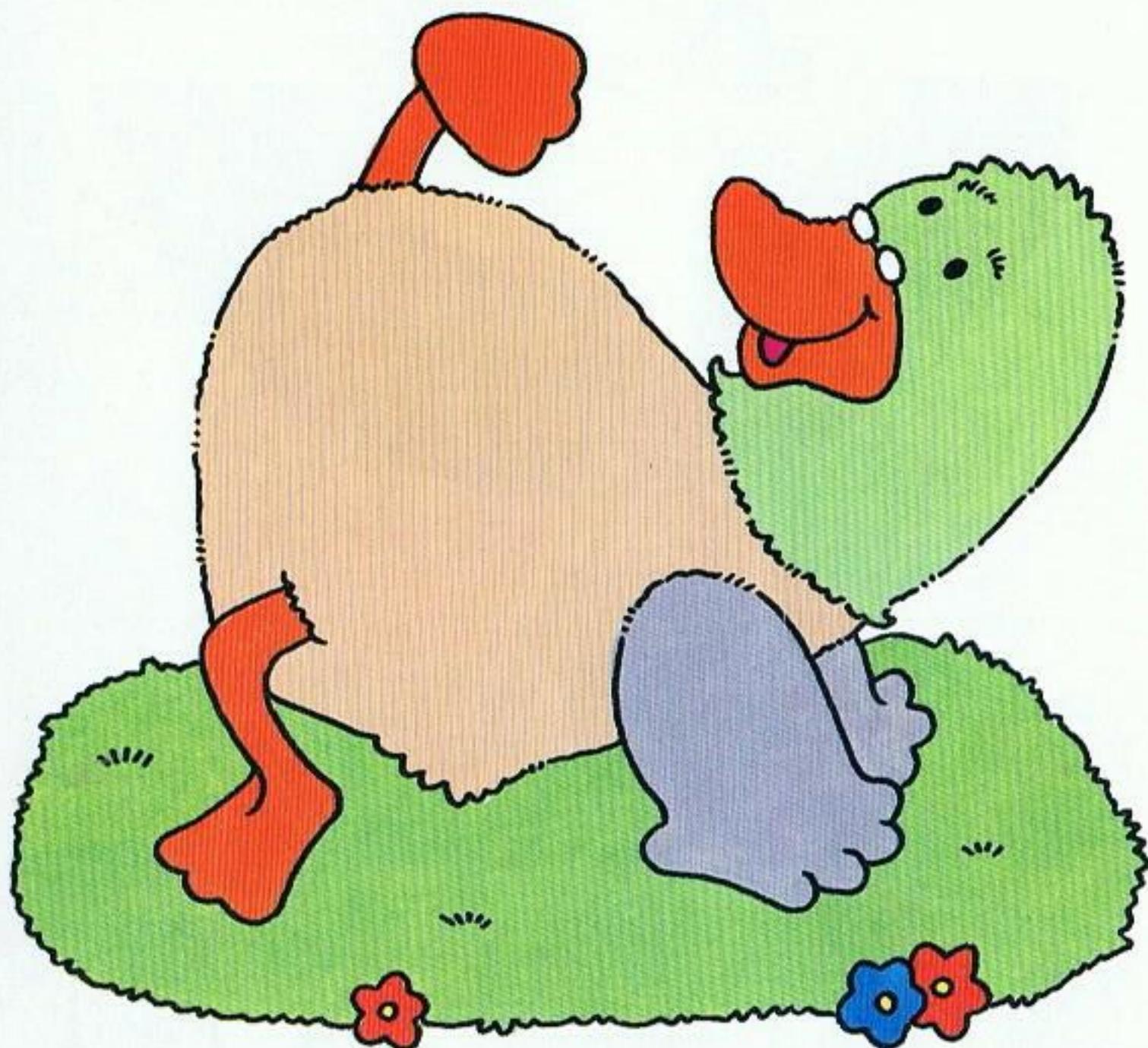


birthday



It was the morning of Brenda's
Grandad's birthday.

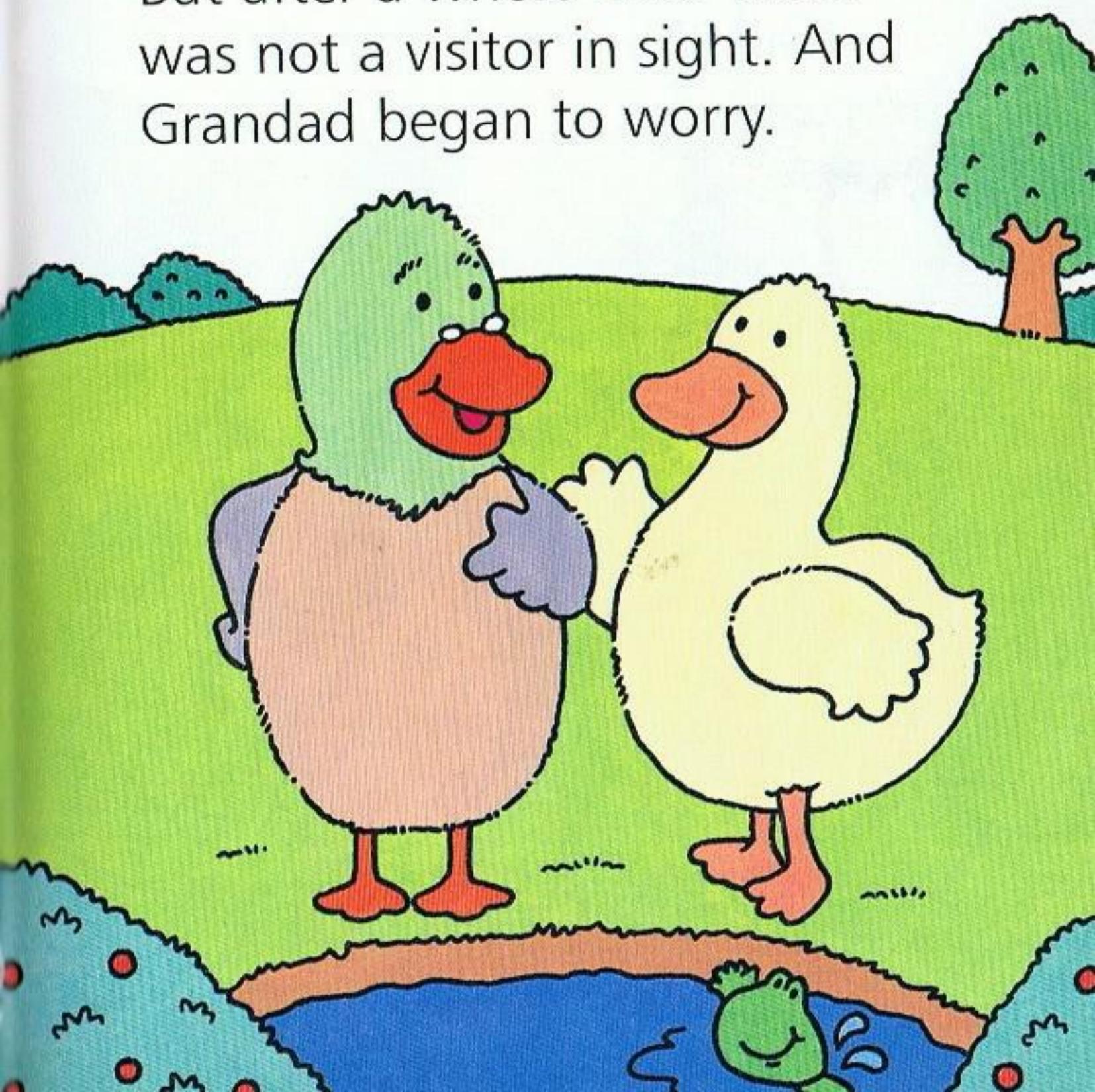
As soon as he woke up
Grandad did a backflip on the
bank.



"I don't feel any older," he told Grandma. And then he waited eagerly for his friends to arrive.

Grandad hummed happily as he wondered what surprise they had planned for him.

But after a whole hour there was not a visitor in sight. And Grandad began to worry.

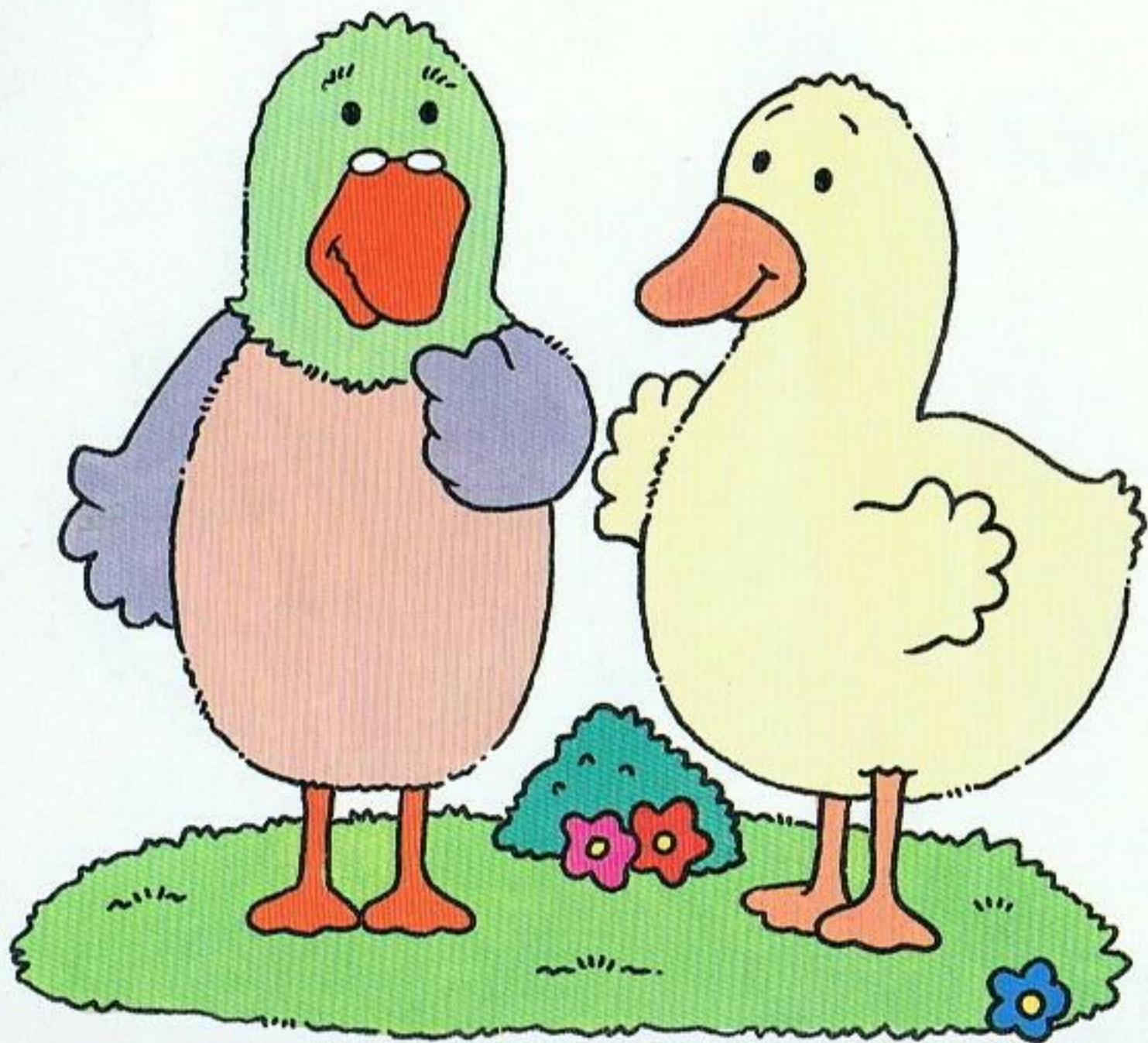


"Perhaps I've got the wrong day," he told Grandma.

"Perhaps my friends have got better things to do today," he sighed.

"Or perhaps..." And by now Grandad was in a panic.

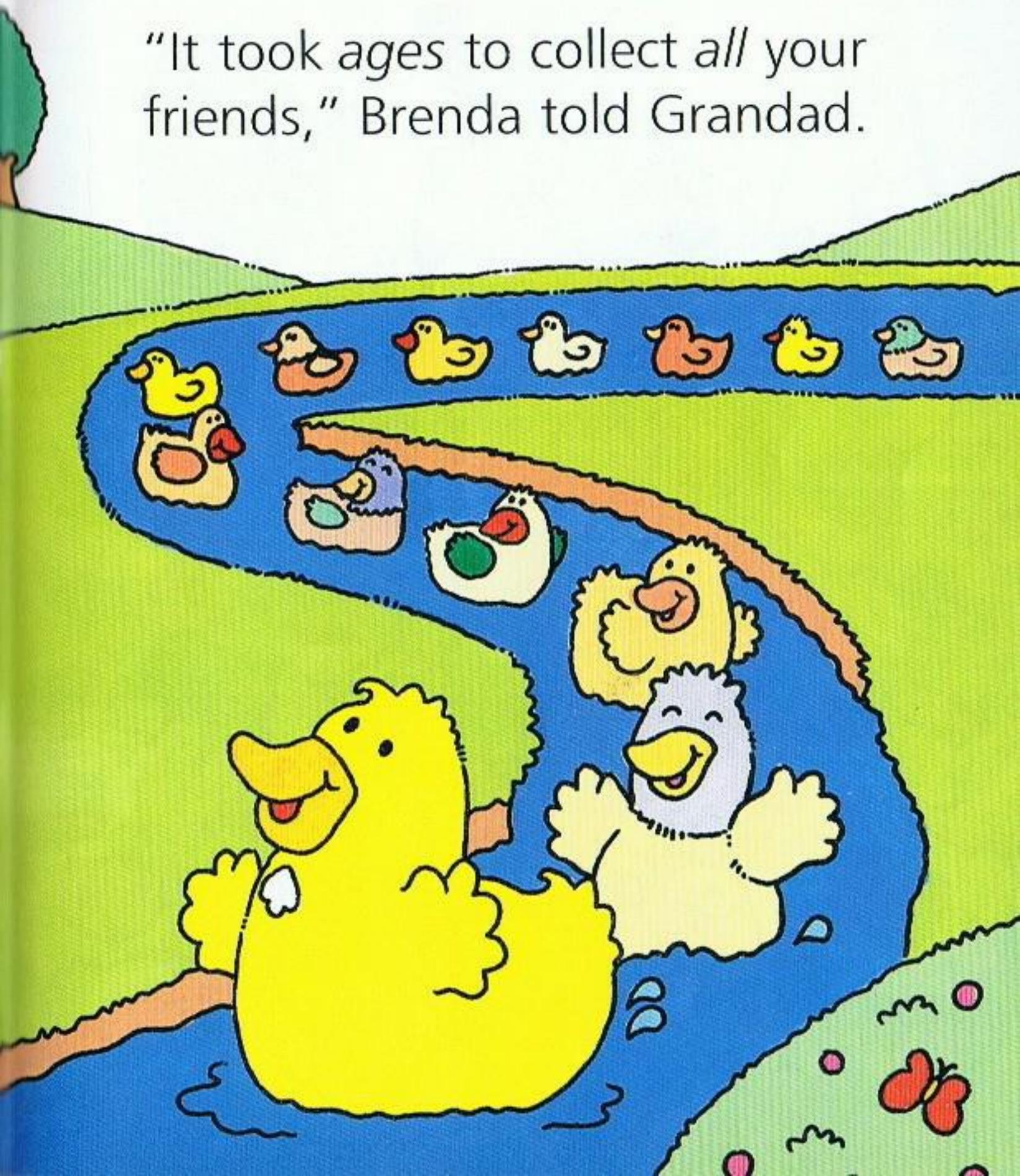
"Perhaps I'm simply too old to have a..."



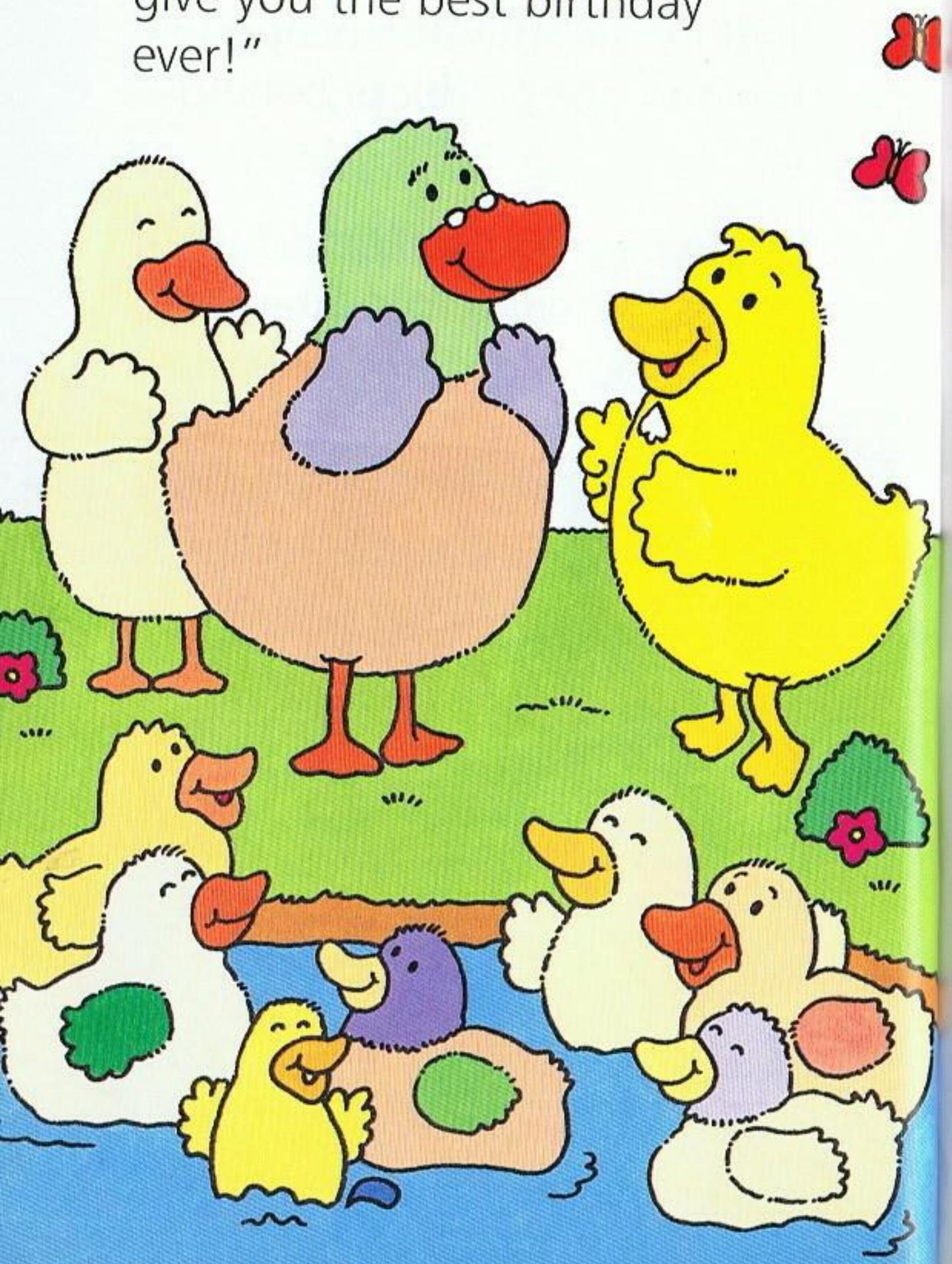
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" bellowed Brenda from around the bend.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" echoed the long line of ducks behind her.

"It took ages to collect *all* your friends," Brenda told Grandad.



"But now we're going to take
you on a Mystery Tour. And
give you the best birthday
ever!"



Running in the rain

I'm running in the rain,

I'm singing in the sleet.

I'm bouncing in the cloudburst,

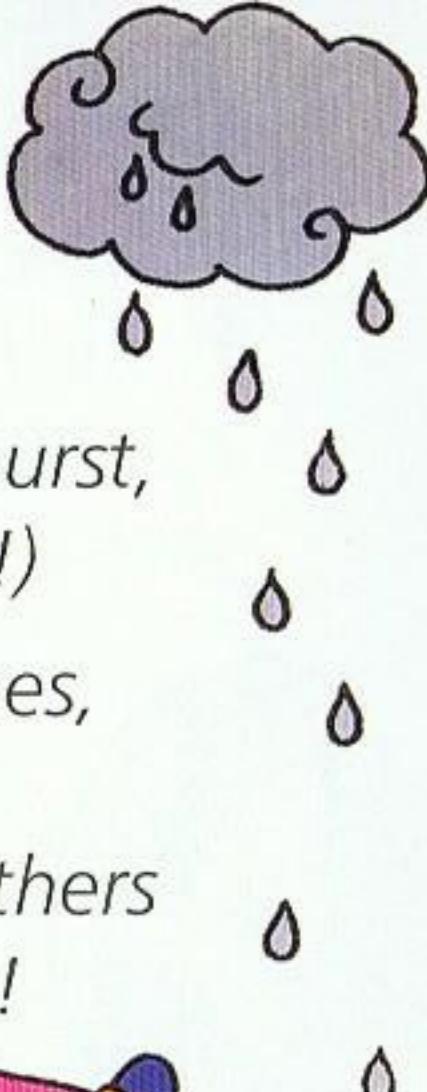
(I've got those kind of feet!)

I'm hopping in the hailstones,

I'm skipping in the storm.

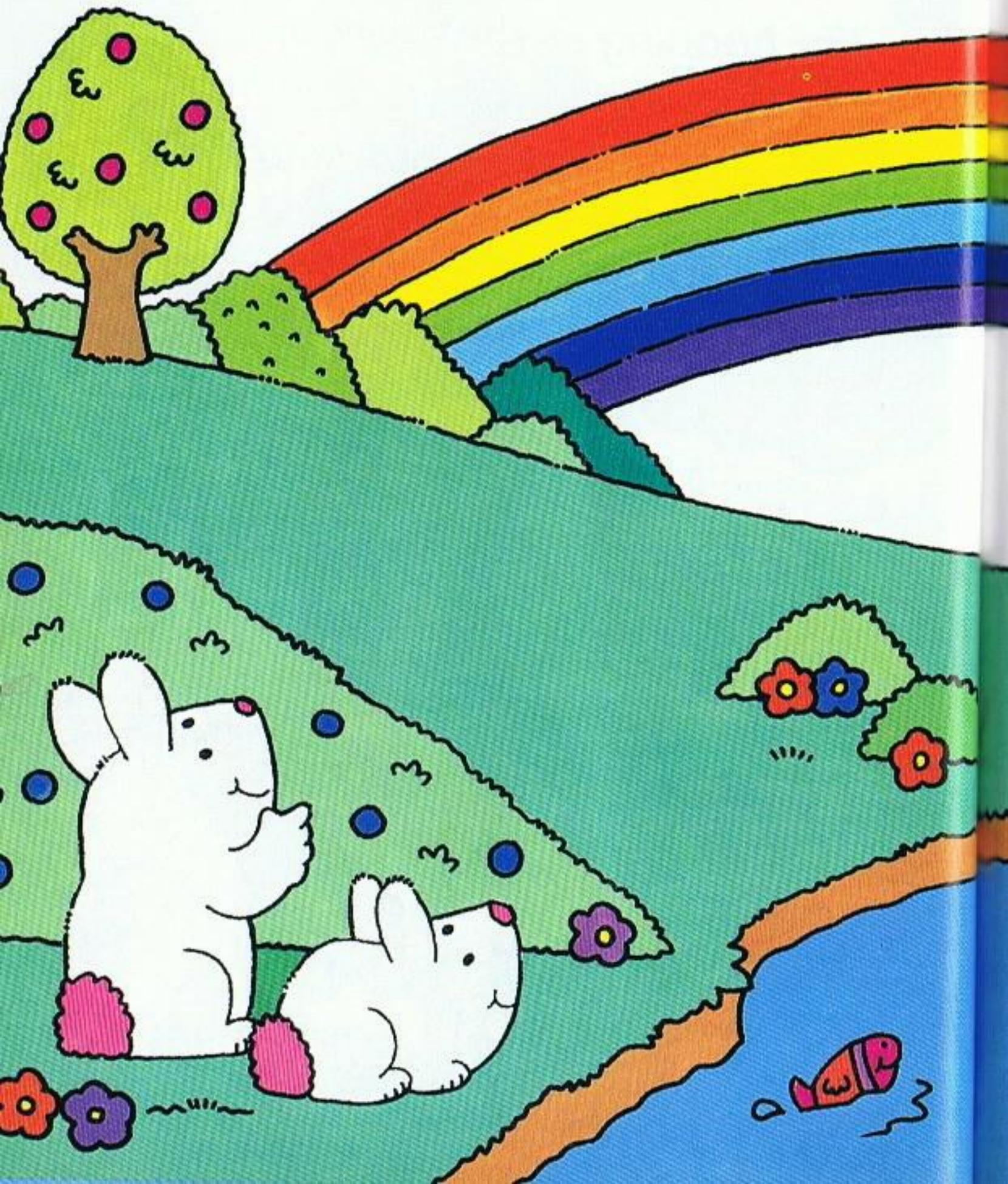
And with my rainproof feathers

I'm always snug and warm!

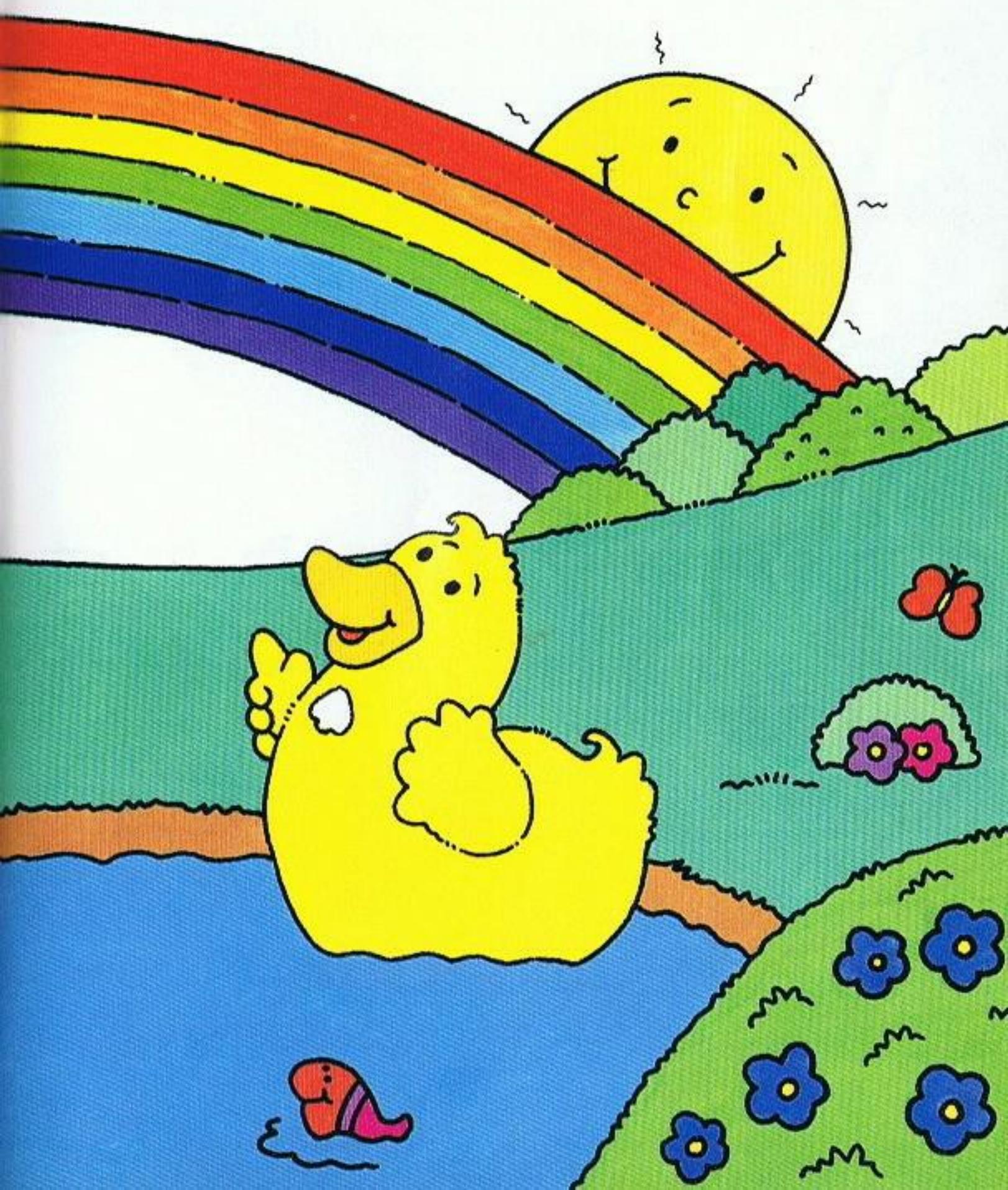


What am I?

*I'm red and I'm orange,
I'm yellow and green.
I'm blue and I'm violet
And something in between.*



I colour the sky
When rain meets the sun,
And though no one owns me
I delight... **EVERYONE!**



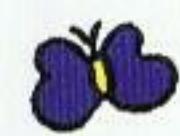
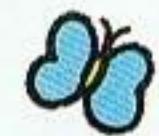
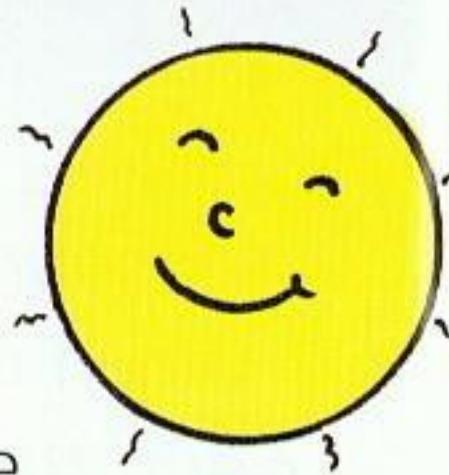
Summer

Can you spot a ladybird
Lazing in the sun?

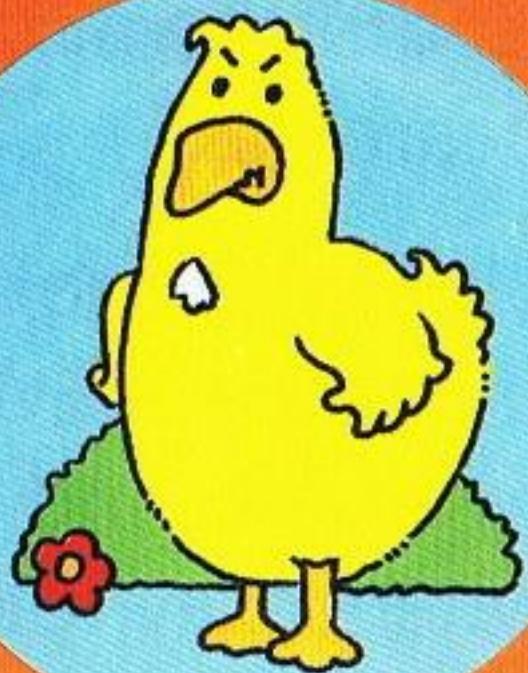
Can you hear a bumblebee
Buzzing on the run?

Can you catch a squealing eel?
Hold him if you dare!

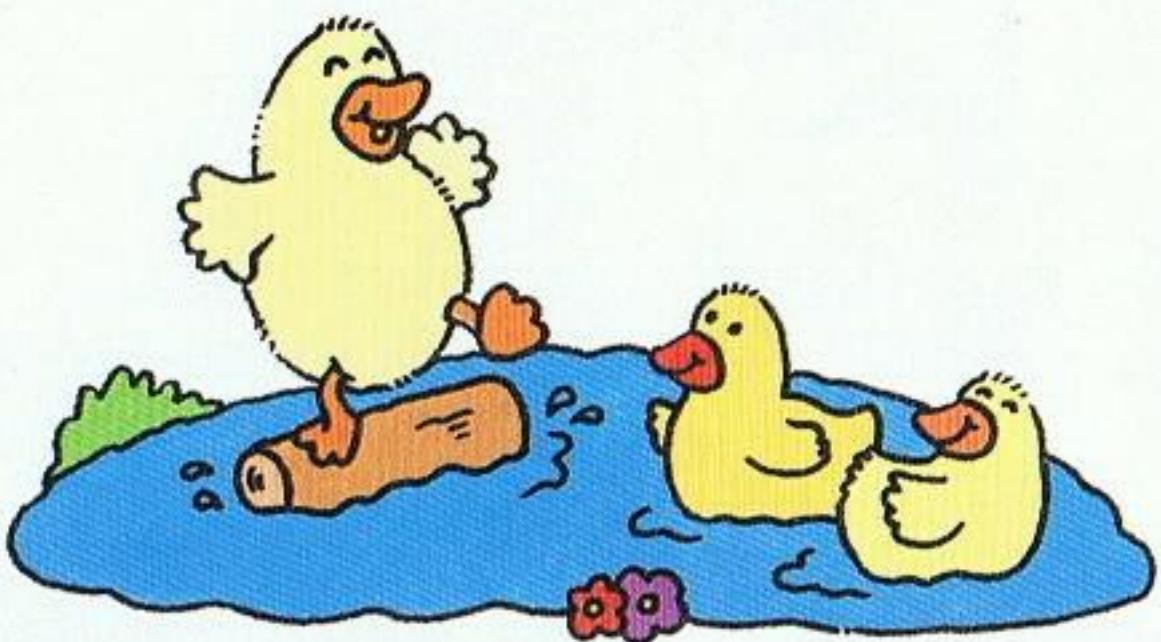
Can you jump and shout out loud?
"SUMMER'S IN THE AIR!"



The trouble

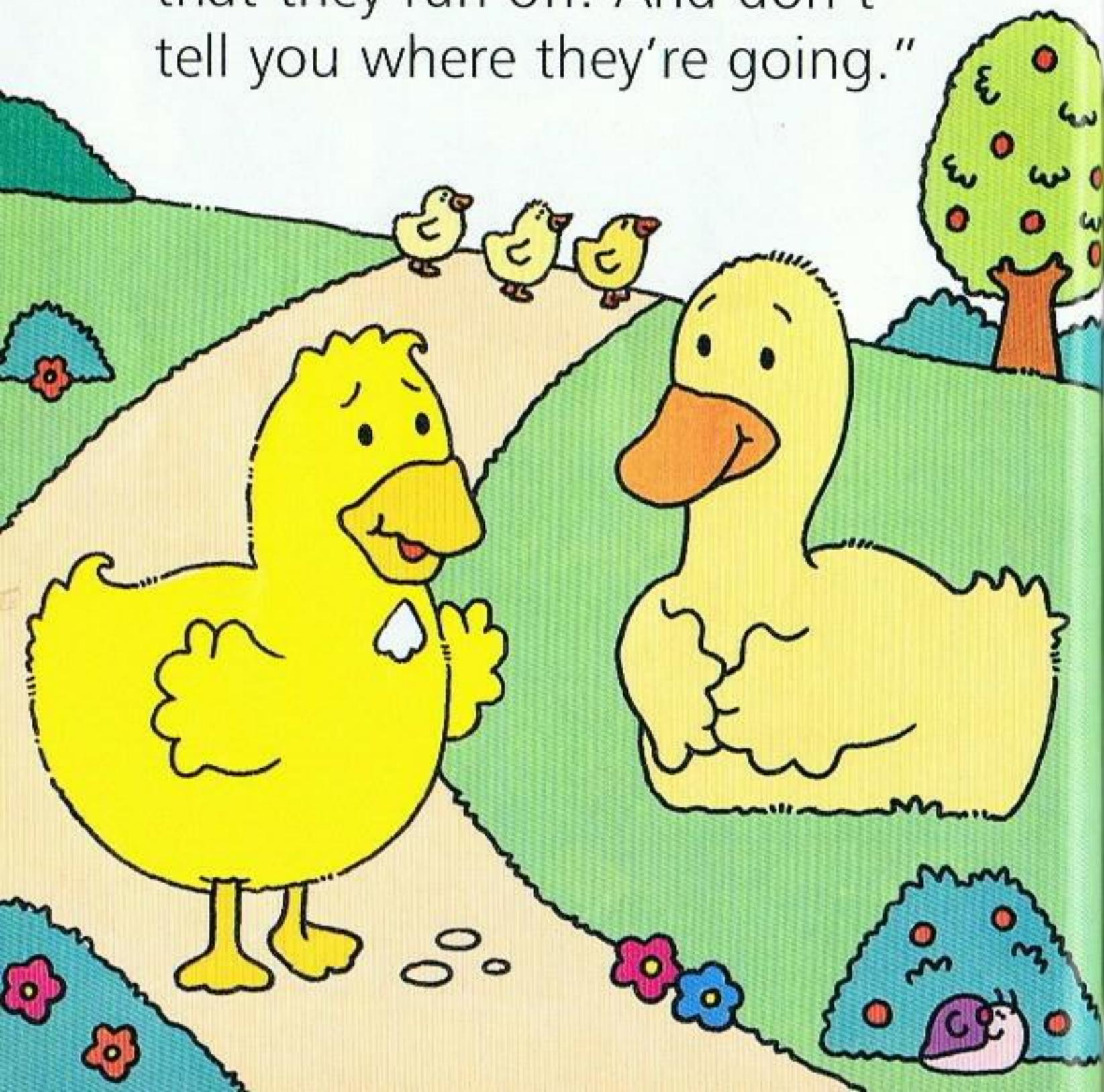


with brothers



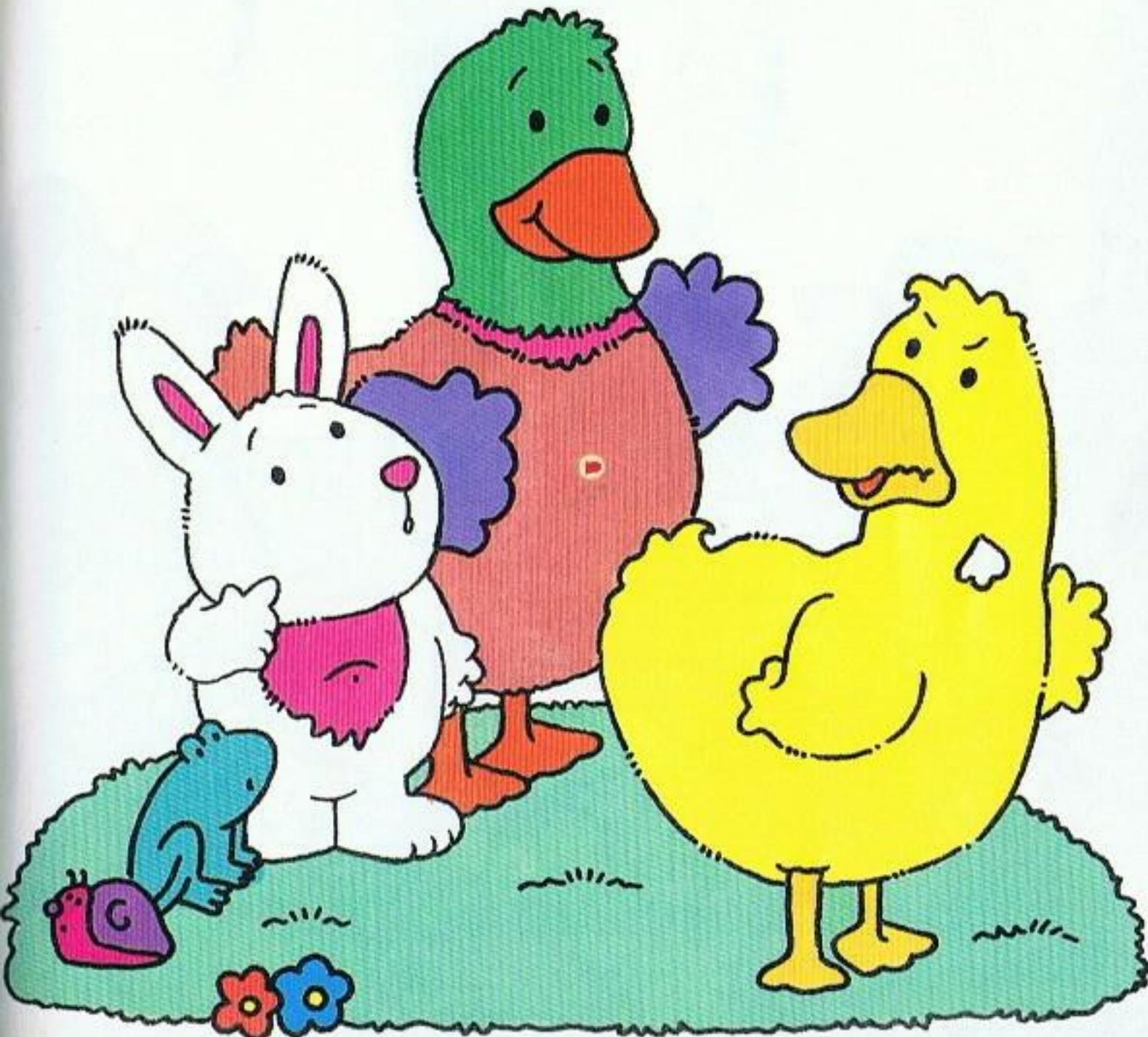
"The trouble with brothers," grumbled Brenda to herself, "is that one minute they're under your feet. And the next they've all disappeared."

"The trouble with brothers," grumbled Brenda to Mum, "is that they run off. And don't tell you where they're going."



"The trouble with brothers," grumbled Brenda to Dad, "is that they don't think that *girls* are good enough for their games."

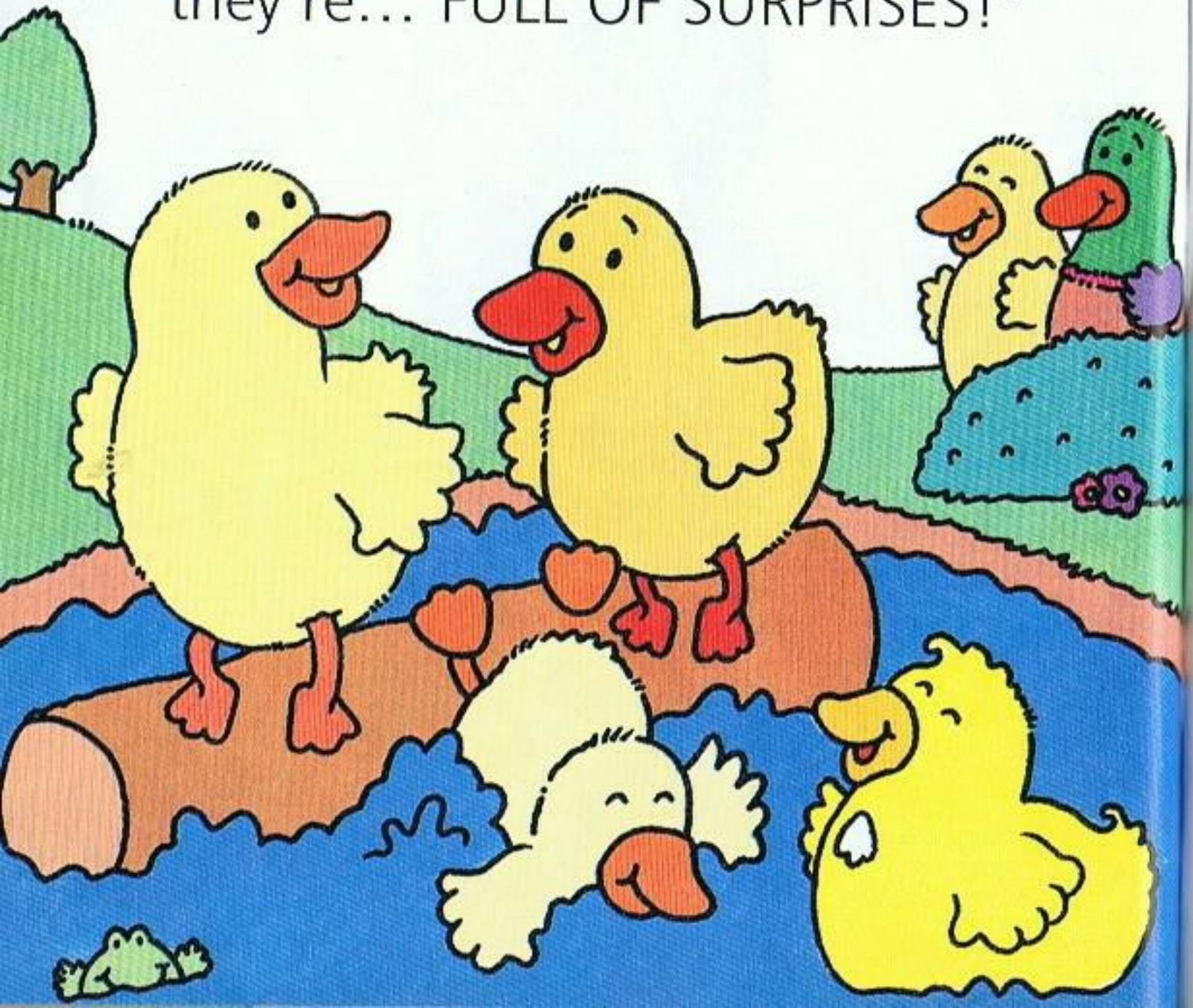
"The trouble with brothers," grumbled Brenda so loudly that everyone on the bank could hear her, "is..."



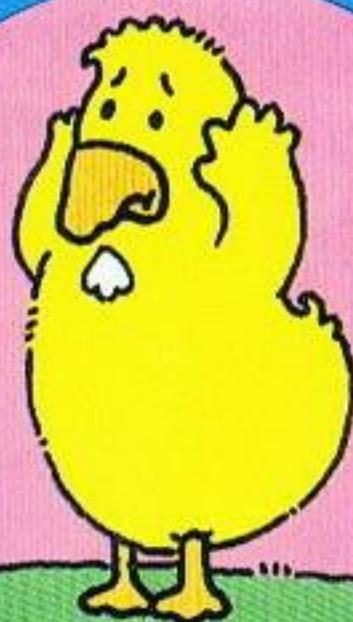
"AHOY there, Brenda!" yelled her brothers as they wobbled into view.

"Come and balance on our twisty log. It's harder than it looks."

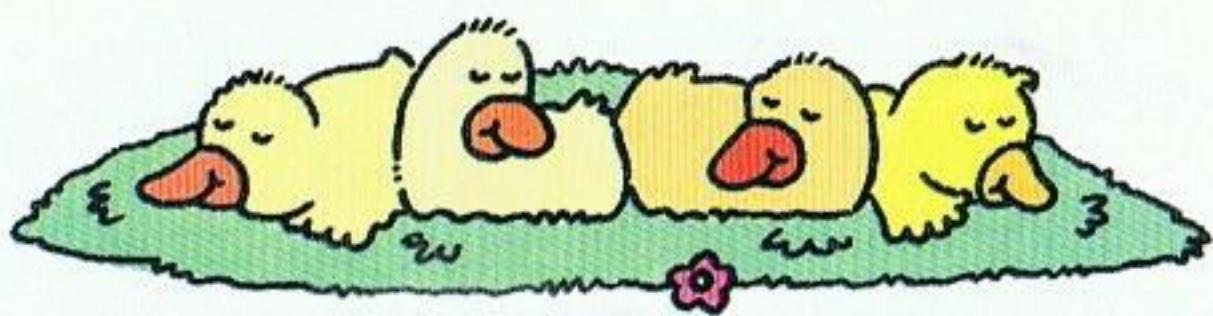
"The *brilliant* thing about brothers," Brenda told her astonished parents, "is that they're... FULL OF SURPRISES!"



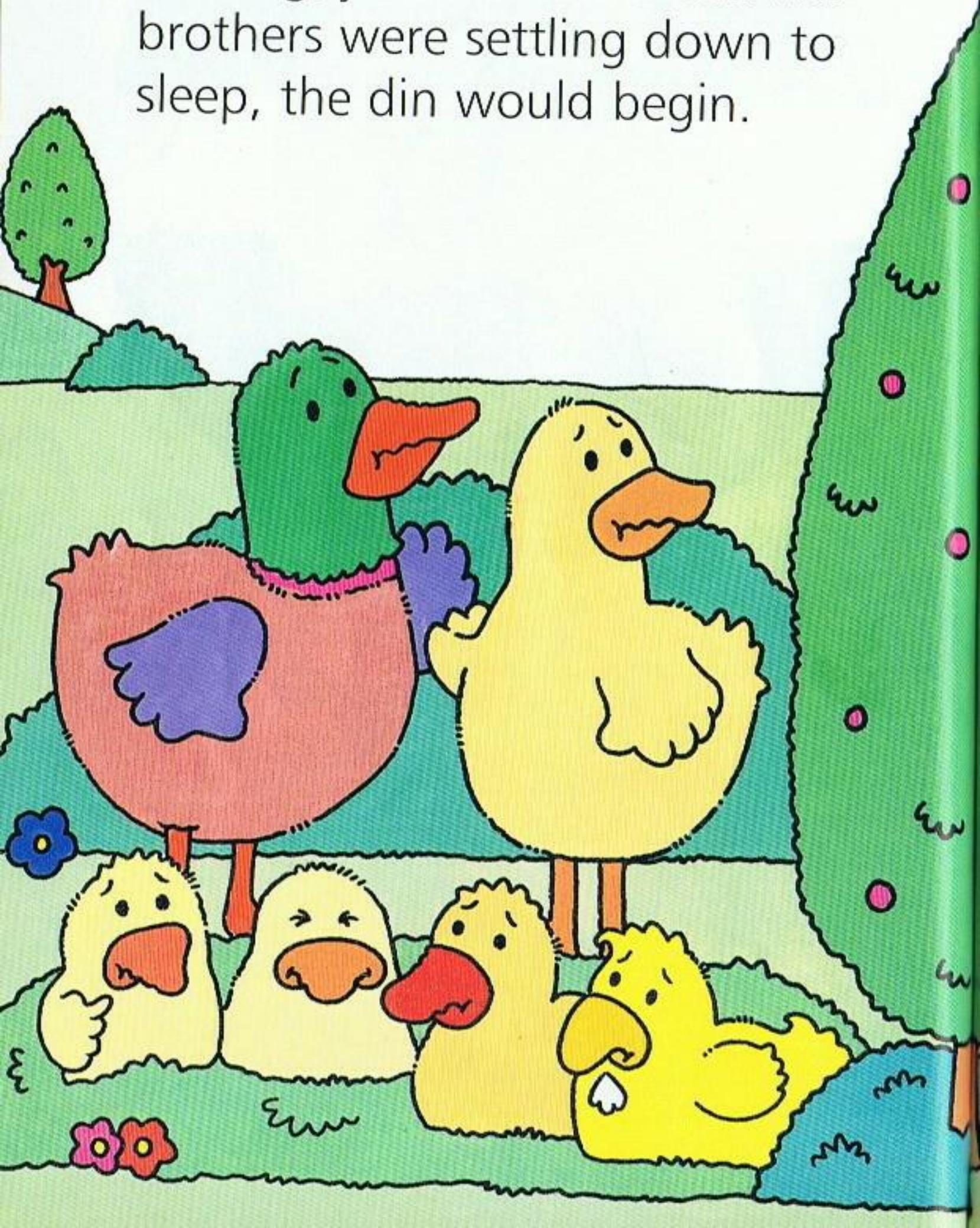
Noisy



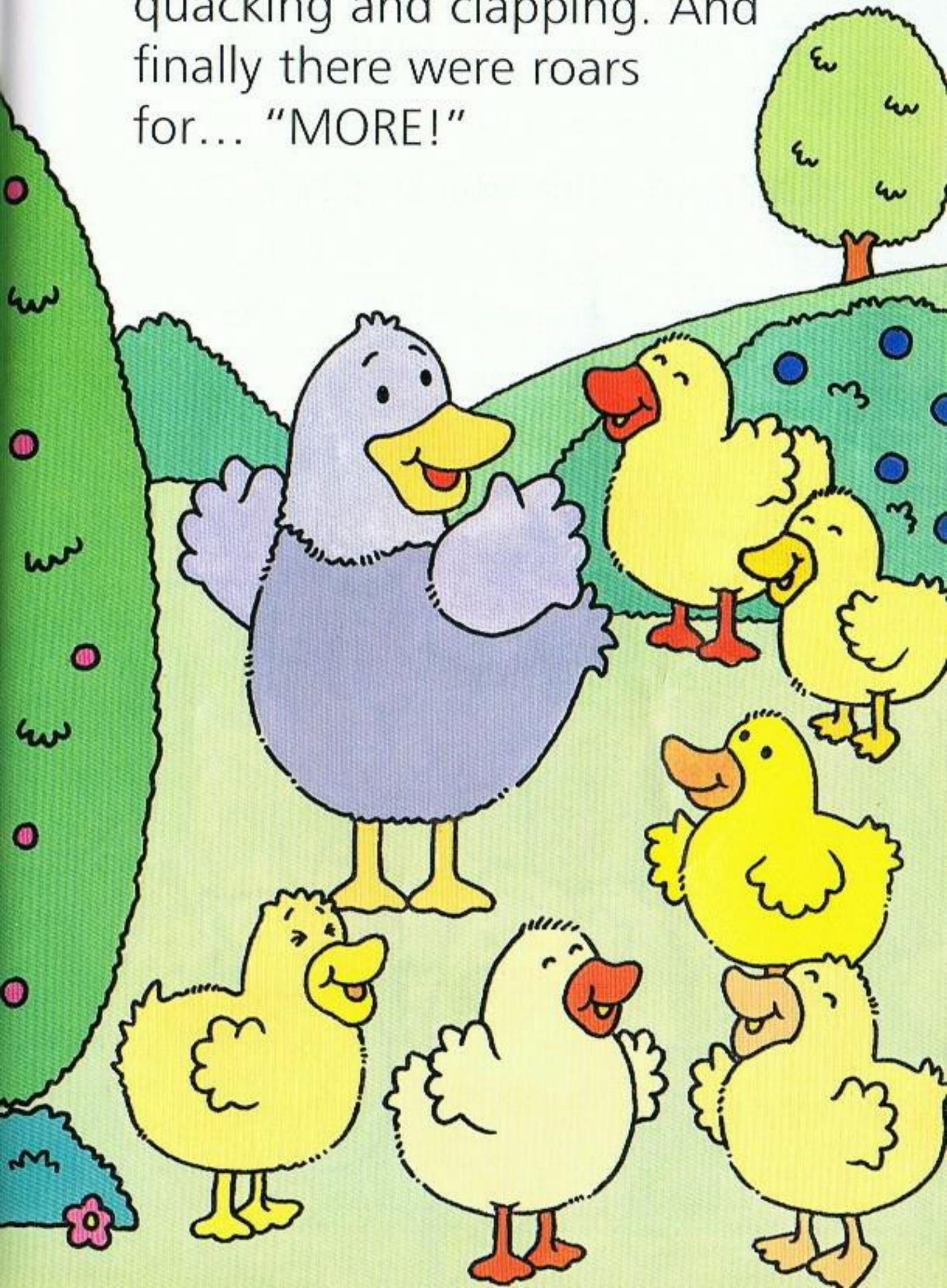
neighbours



Brenda's family had new neighbours... *noisy* neighbours. And every evening, just as Brenda and her brothers were settling down to sleep, the din would begin.



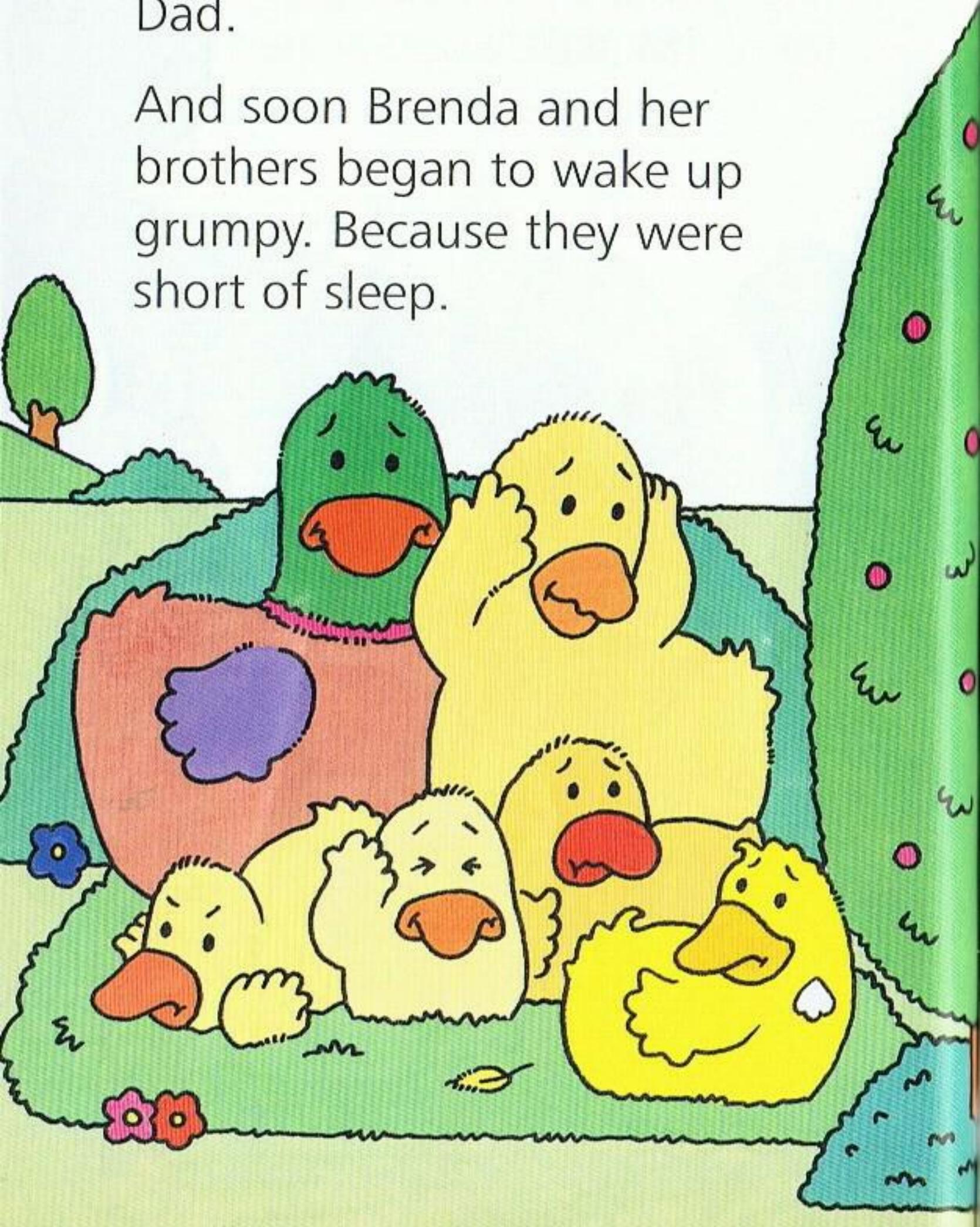
First there were whoops and shrieks. Next there was quacking and clapping. And finally there were roars for... "MORE!"



"Oh my poor head!"
complained Brenda's mum.

"What a racket!" grumbled
Dad.

And soon Brenda and her
brothers began to wake up
grumpy. Because they were
short of sleep.



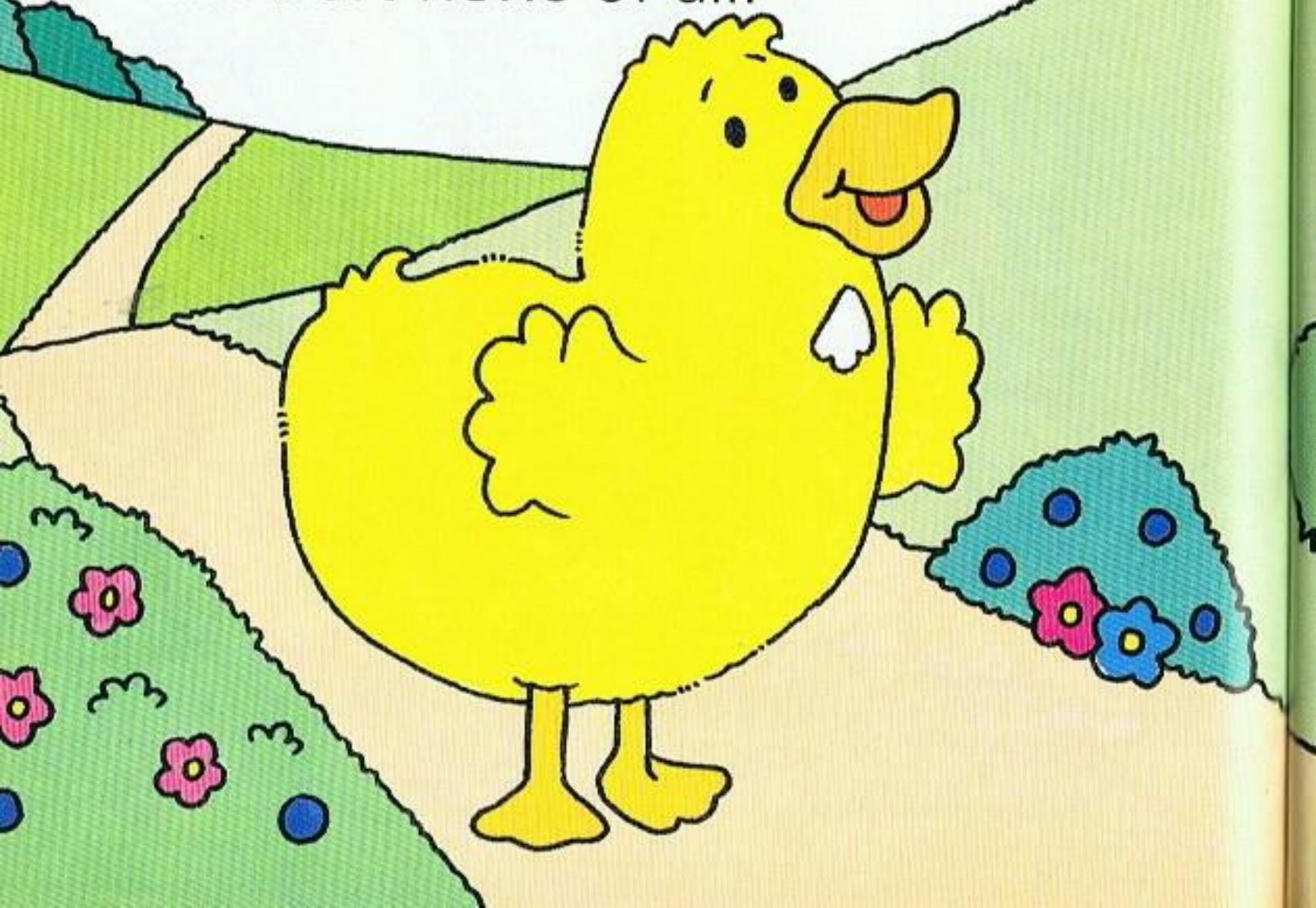
In the end Brenda decided to pay the new neighbours a visit. She was missing for a long time. And when at last Brenda came bounding home, she was whooping and shrieking.

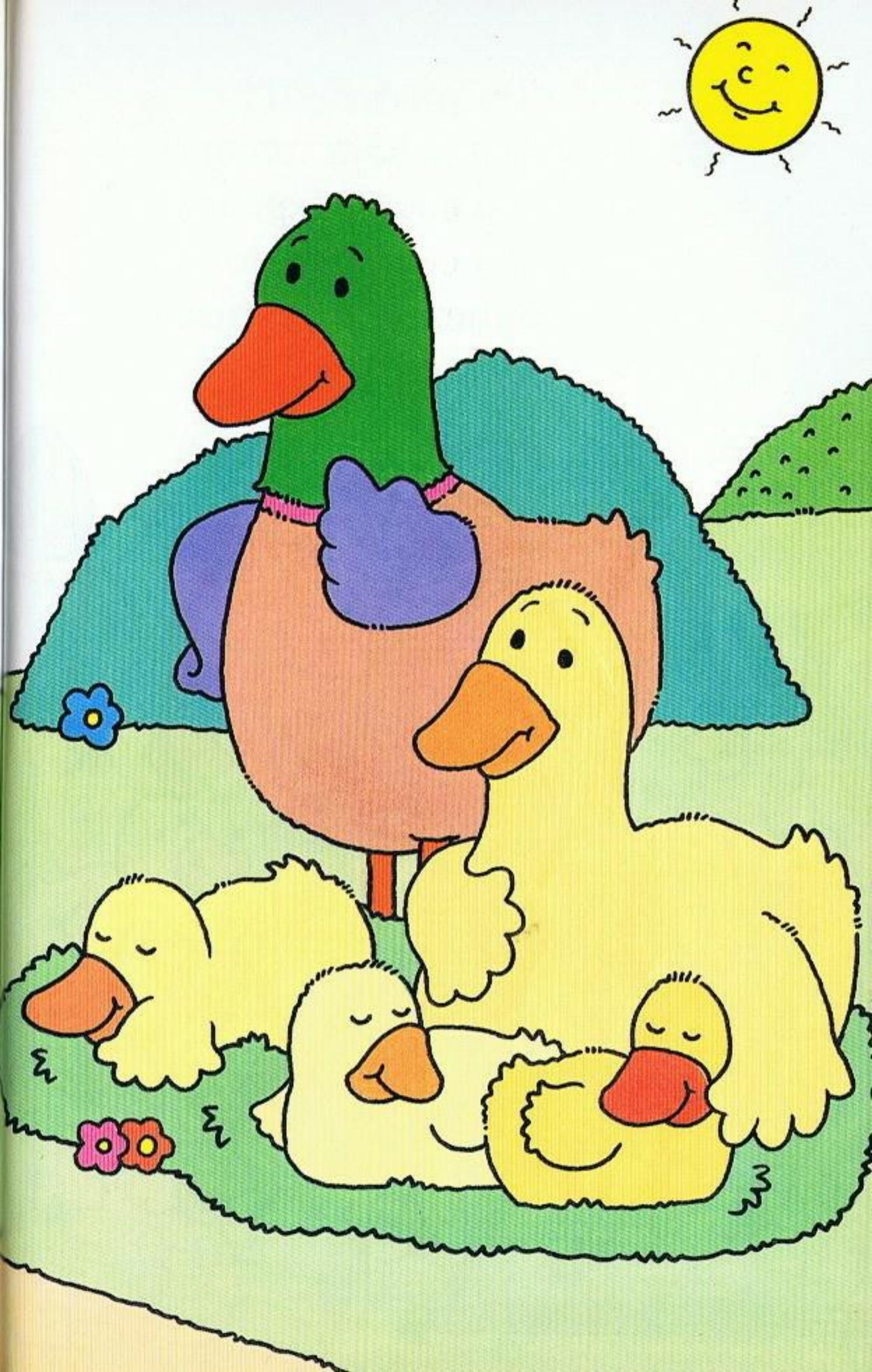


"Mum! Dad!" yelled Brenda.
"The next door dad is *brilliant!*
And when he tells stories, he
does all the voices and acts all
the parts. Sometimes," Brenda
went on, "he gets the children
to join in too. And that's what
all the noise is about."

Brenda's mum and dad didn't
look impressed.

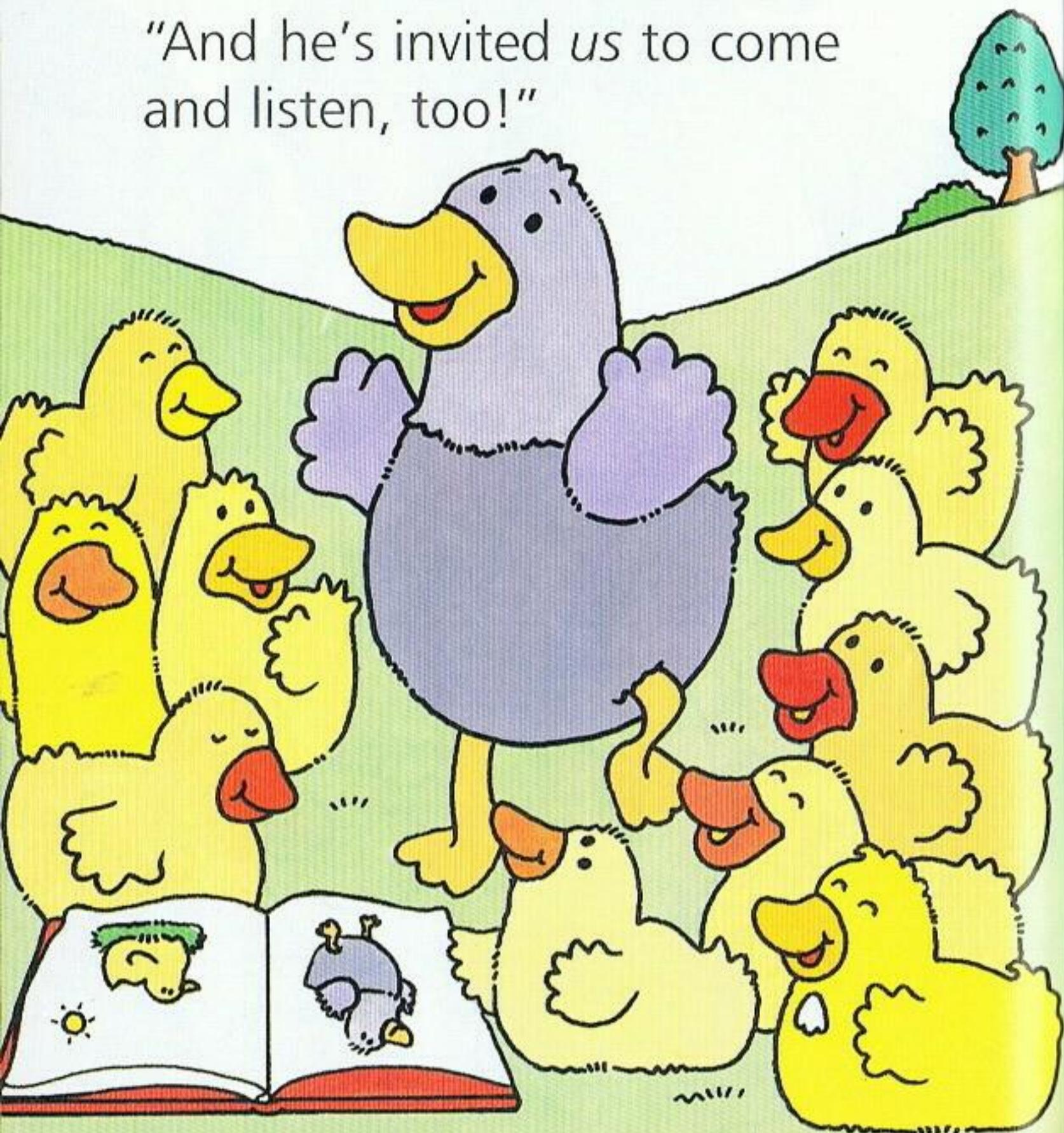
But then Brenda came out with
the best news of all.





"The next door dad didn't know he was keeping me and my brothers awake," explained Brenda. "So he's agreed to hold his storytime earlier from now on."

"And he's invited *us* to come and listen, too!"

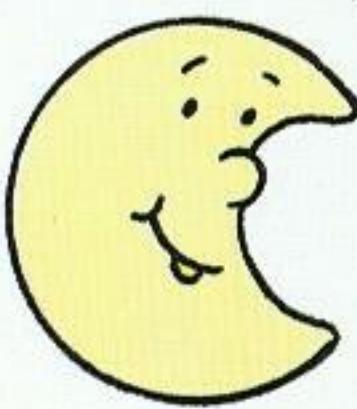


Goodnight

Goodnight Mum,
Goodnight moon,
Goodnight friends,
See you soon.

Goodnight stars,
Goodnight Dad.

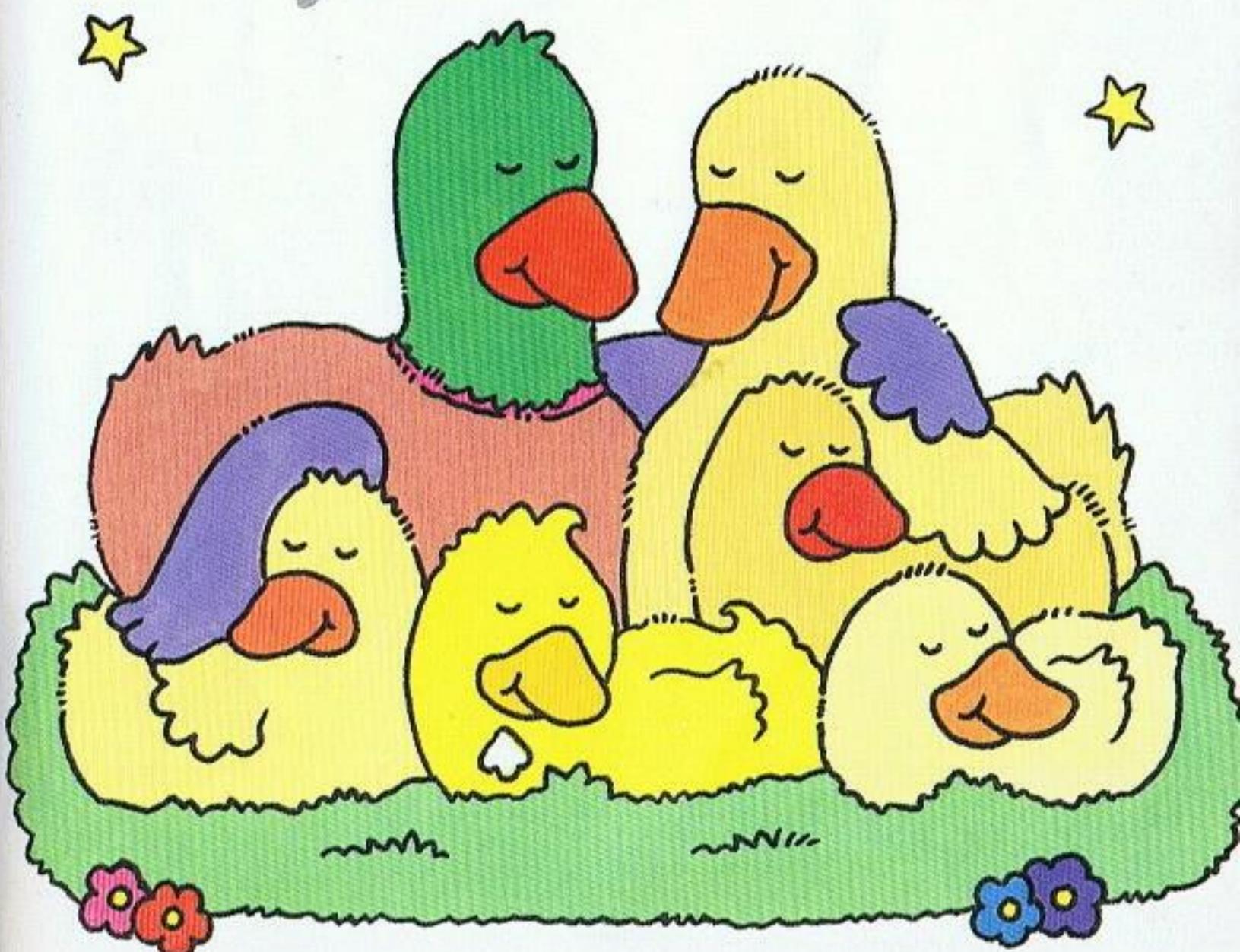
What a brilliant Day I've...

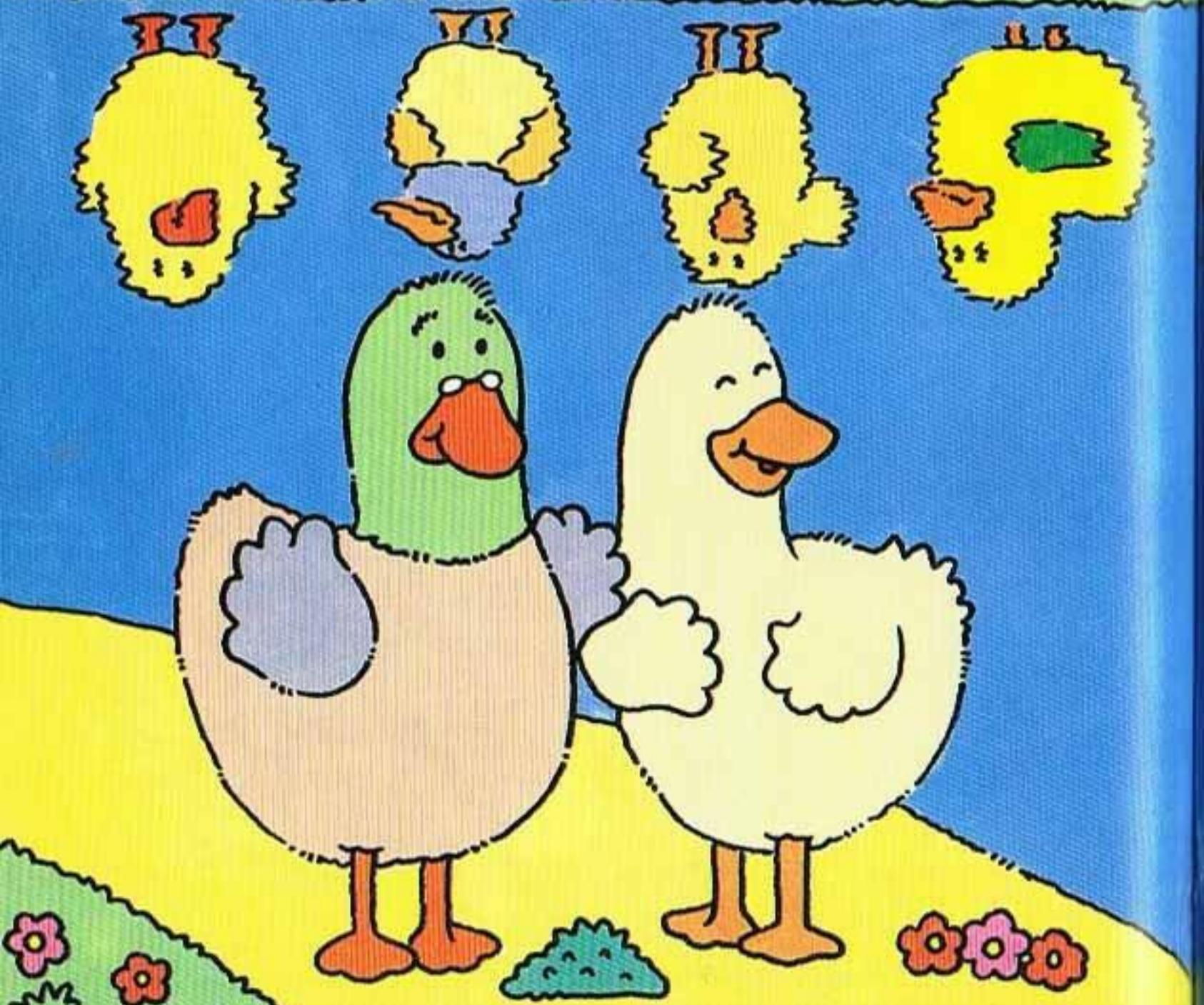
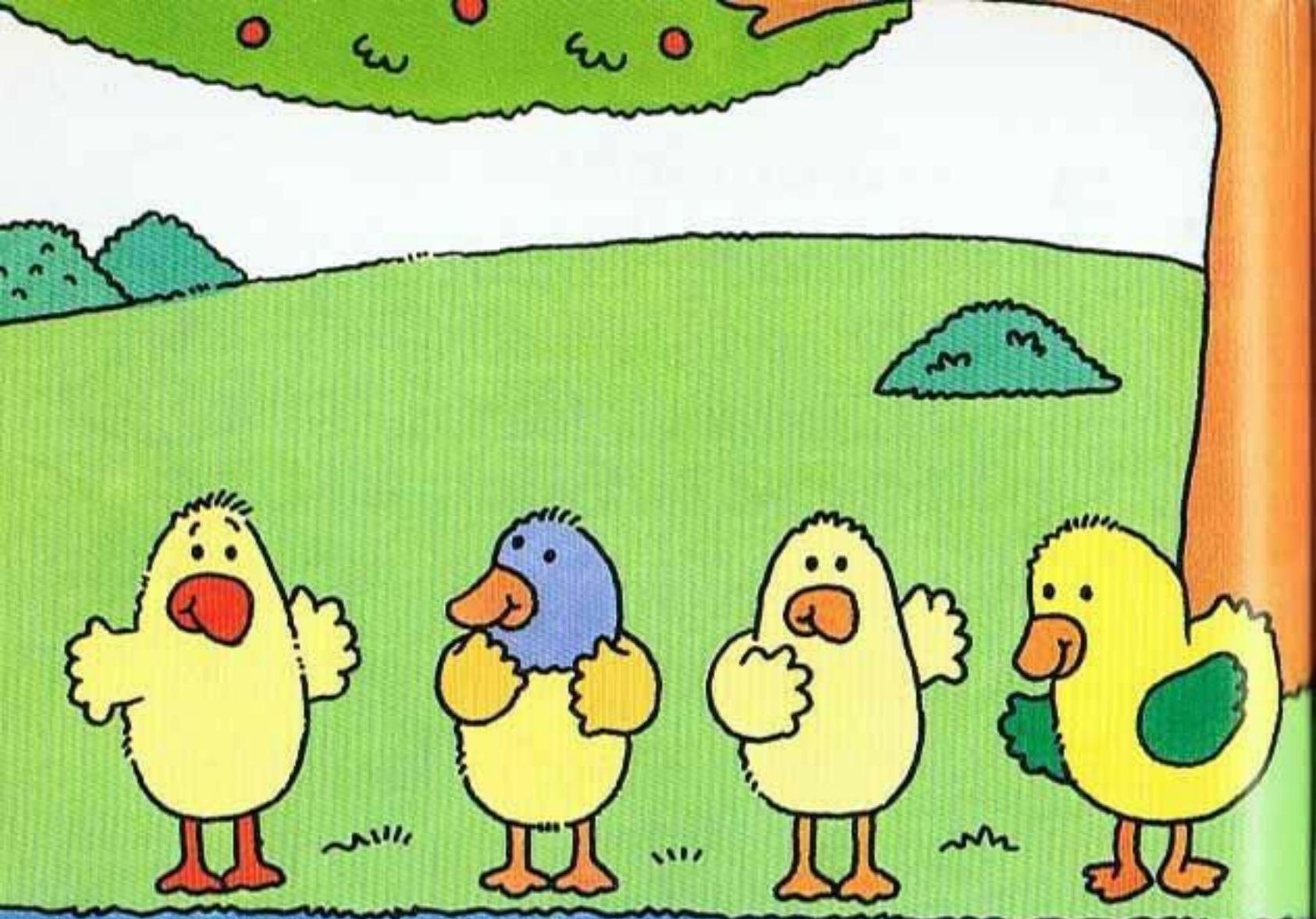


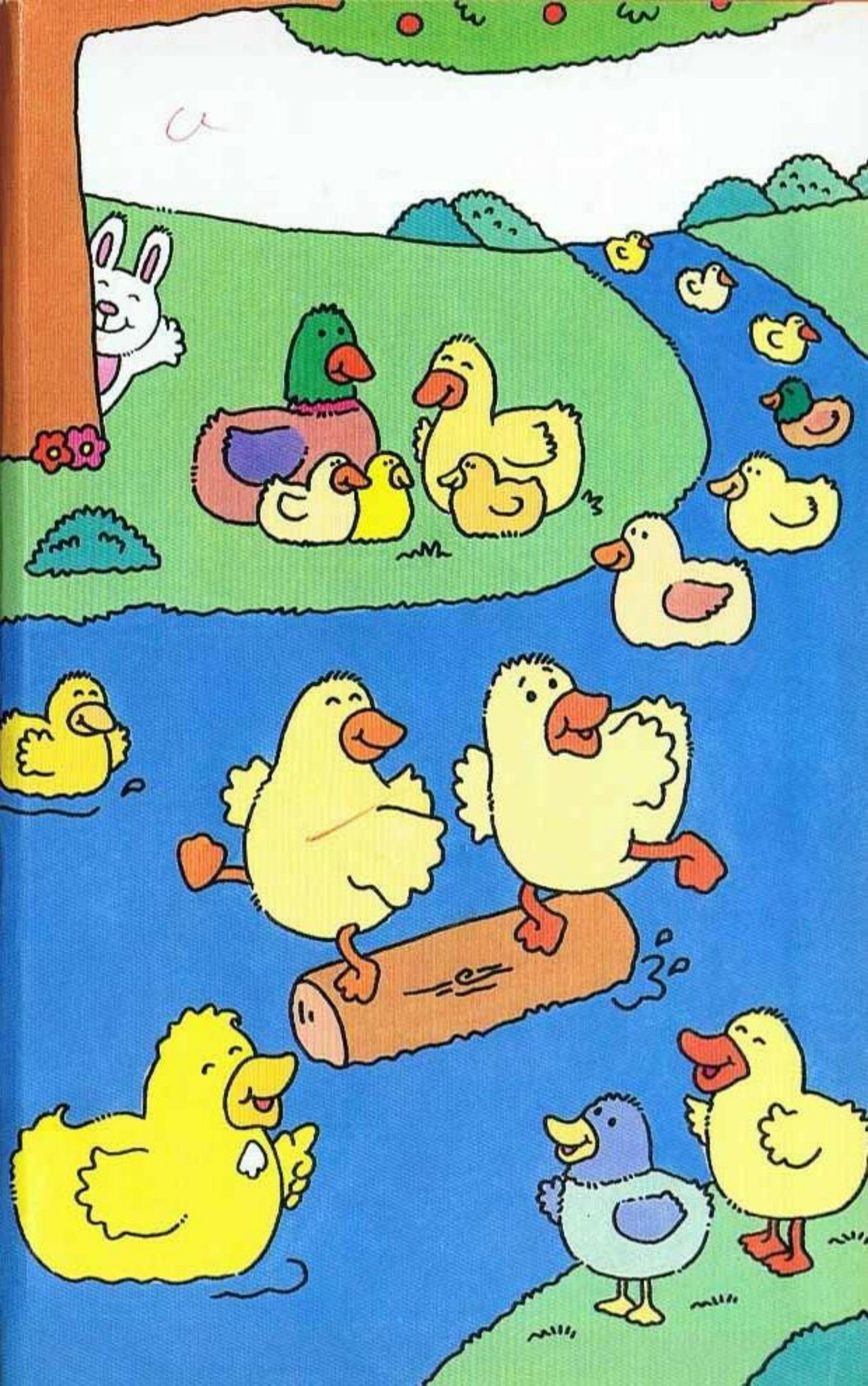
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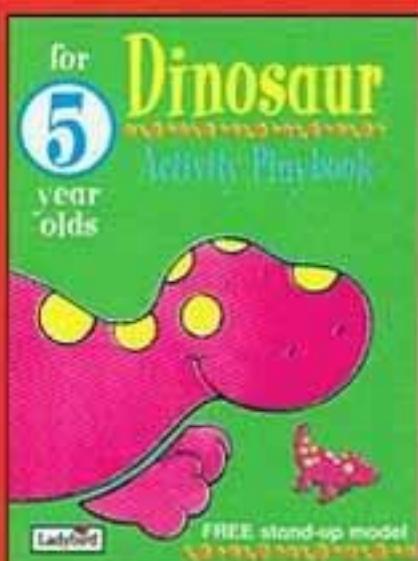
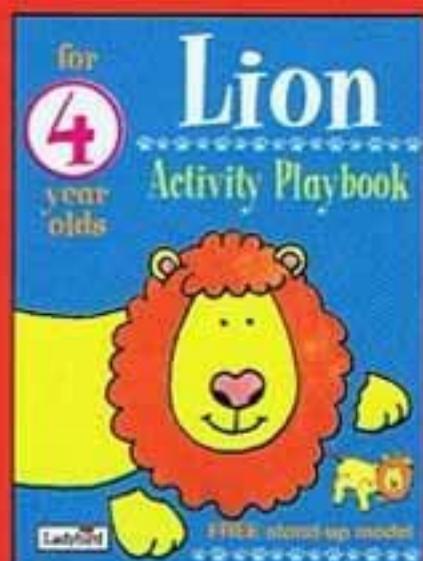
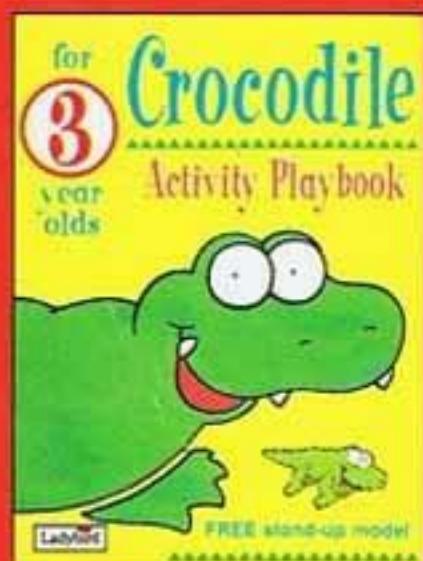
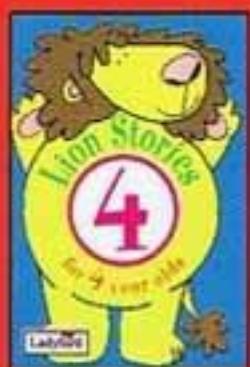
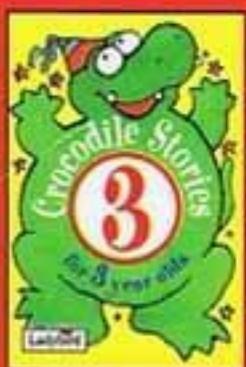
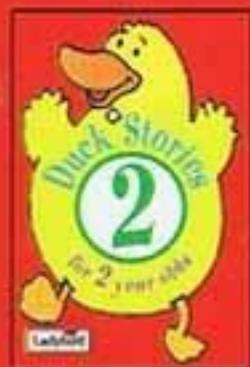
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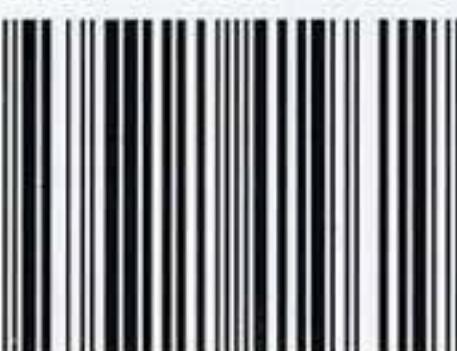




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